

The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

Vol. CLXII. No. 2111

London
December 10, 1941



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THE TATLER

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Postage: Inland 2d. Canada & Newfoundland 1d. Foreign 1½d.

Price:
One Shilling and Sixpence
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Bertram Park

Lady Portal, Wife of the Chief of Air Staff

Lady Portal, wife of Air Chief Marshal Sir Charles Portal, K.C.B., D.S.O., M.C., takes a keen interest in the welfare of service wives. She is a member of the Committee of the R.A.F. Comforts Fund, the Emergency Grants Committee of the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund and the Committee of the Maternity Hospital for officers' wives. Since her marriage to Sir Charles in 1919, Lady Portal, who is a sister of Captain Sir Oliver Charles Earle Welby, has shared all her husband's interests. In the early days of their married life, they bred hawks and spent their spare time on the Lincolnshire Fens fighting peregrines for partridges and merlins for skylarks. She has now given up the country life she loves and is living in a London hotel in order that she may be near her husband, and share with him his very limited leisure hours. Sir Charles and Lady Portal have two daughters, Rosemary, aged seventeen, who is studying secretarial work, and Mavis, aged fourteen, who is still at school



Way of the War

By "Foresight"

Greetings

THE Prime Minister's sixty-seventh birthday found him in the plenitude of his power and the fullness of his confidence. Mr. Churchill's health has never been better, nor his energy as boundless. No burden of detail, however large or small, halts him in his purpose, nor dims his vision. He lives and works for victory in a manner which commands the simple admiration of all who love freedom and hate bullies. Testimony to this was the record number of world-wide birthday greetings he received at No. 10 Downing Street.

Political Wrangling

FOR some time past there have been complaints from the Conservative side of the House of Commons that the Labour Party were seeking to win full advantage from the present political truce. This may have been true of some of the doctrinaire Socialists in the Labour movement, for there are so many voices and no strong leadership. But the rank-and-file of the Labour Party have now roused themselves and are demanding nationalisation of arms production, transport, coal mines, and, in certain circumstances, private property as well, as the price of their support of the Government's new all-in conscription proposals.

Here is a severe test for the leadership of the Prime Minister. He cannot meekly give way to the Labour Party for the sake of political peace and quietness. This would leave the Conservative Party in the lurch. At the same time, he cannot risk the appearance of national disunity at this critical period of the war. Least of all, the country cannot afford the distraction of political wrangling. That is a luxury—probably the first—we can have when the war is over.

Voluntary Principle

MR. ERNEST BEVIN, Minister of Labour and National Service, made many speeches in the early days of his membership of the National Government extolling the maintenance of the voluntary principle. He may have foreseen the possibility of political trouble if the Government carried the policy of compulsion into industrial life. But even burly Mr. Bevin seems to have been worn down by the political and administrative activities of Lord Beaverbrook, as well as the critics in the House of Commons who have accused the Government of inefficient handling of man power and production problems.

Labour Party Leadership

THE real trouble with the Labour Party is their lack of leadership. The Party has sunk lower and lower simply because none of their number has been strong enough to dominate the Party machine. Mr. Clement Attlee was appointed stop-gap leader several years ago, and with a simple old-school-tie reverence the bulk of the Party members have been loath to displace him ever since.

The result is the present explosion in the Party, with Mr. Emmanuel Shinwell bidding for leadership of the extremists. Fearless as he is, Mr. Shinwell has not enough friends, nor the political acumen, to launch him into the front rank at this time. He's more likely to frighten the conservative elements in the

Labour Party than anybody I know. So Mr. Attlee is safe.

Liberal Leadership

WITH less trumpet blowing than usual Mr. Leslie Hore-Belisha has just suffered a change in his political fortunes. He has relinquished the chairmanship of the Liberal National Group in the House of Commons. This position was important inasmuch as it gave him the right—as well as the duty—to speak for his group on all vital topics. But many of his most loyal supporters among the Liberal Nationalists often found Mr. Hore-Belisha unwilling to speak for them, or even to commit himself. So the cares of party leadership (or chairmanship) did not sit comfortably on Mr. Hore-Belisha's shoulders.

When the annual meeting of the group was held it was announced that Mr. Hore-Belisha had (so quietly) tendered his resignation as chairman, and therefore the post was abolished. This leaves the ever-cheerful Mr. Ernest Brown in strength as the titular head of what were once known as the Simon Liberals.

There is talk of fusion with the other branch of the Liberal Party which nominally sits in opposition to the Government. But it is only talk.

Back-slapping Hermann

I CAN think of nothing more sinister than that Field Marshal Goering should have emerged from his recent obscurity to meet Marshal Pétain and Admiral Darlan. Goering has always been the back-slapping actor in the Nazi hierarchy. His job is to jolly difficult people along with a prod and a joke. He worked hard—and successfully—on Edouard Daladier behind the scenes at the Munich conference. At times he has had to use his powers of persuasion on Benito Mussolini.

Ribbentrop is no good at this kind of diplomacy. He's too thin-lipped and pontifical. Clearly Hitler didn't think his peculiar bullying act would be much good with the aged marshal either. So he sent Goering to use his powers of persuasion, his mellowing Junker influence, and his mighty laugh to impress Pétain, the proud Marshal of France, with the moderation of the modern Germany.

Behind Goering's fat façade there is one of the hardest working and most ruthless brains in all Germany. Don't let anybody deceive himself about that.

Hitler's Needs

WHAT does Hitler want of France at this time? His immediate need appears to be a dramatic development of the diplomatic order to which Nazi Germany has become accustomed, behind which he can hide the bashing his armies are getting in Libya and on the southern front in Russia. He also wants the French Fleet, and the use of air bases and ports in North Africa to protect Axis convoys.

Above all, he wants to be assured of the complete mobilisation of French industry in support of the German war effort. This is



In Whitehall

Mrs. Churchill, wife of the Prime Minister, and her youngest daughter, Mary, were in Whitehall to greet Sir Dudley Pound, First Sea Lord, as he stepped out of his car. Mary Churchill, now a lance-corporal in the A.T.S., has been in the service since September. She looks very proud of the uniform she wears so smartly.



In A British Factory

Sir John Fitzgerald, Bart., the 21st Knight of Kerry has, at 57 years of age, started a three-month's government training course as a fitter. Sir John (left) is being shown the correct way to use a file by an instructor

During his recent holiday in America with the Duchess, the Duke of Windsor visited the Chrysler Tank Plant. He went for a ride in one of the large U.S. Army tanks with Mr. K. T. Keller, President of the Chrysler Corporation, and is apparently well satisfied with its performance



In America

becoming more and more necessary as the industrial machine of the United States gets into its war stride.

The Price

AND what is Hitler prepared to pay for all this? It would not surprise me if Hitler offered Pétain an important place in the Axis for France in return for the concessions he so badly needs. Of course, Hitler could impose his martial will on the whole of France at any moment, but that might rouse the French people, and the immediate price would be too heavy. There would be no quick results from that policy such as Hitler wants now. He really wants the smooth working of French collaboration.

Hitler cannot have been completely fooled by Mussolini's mouthings about the potentialities of the new Italy; the Italy which has now found its natural low level in the Axis machine. He may have thought that as they were blood brothers in the policy of murder and pillage he could carry Mussolini. But as the war continues with increasing ferocity, and the prospect of victory for Germany grows dimmer Hitler must have a stronger partner. So the worthy Marshal—pushed from behind by de Brinon and Laval—is being enticed to enter the Axis under the bribe of collaboration, prosperity for France in the new German Order, and the possibility of freedom for many French prisoners of war.

The first stage may be the Vichy Government's adherence to the anti-Comintern pact. This would not be a difficult first hurdle for Marshal Pétain. I shall be very much surprised if Goering has failed to make him take it.

Tank Extermination

IN Libya it is now a battle of extermination. The side with the most tanks, greater petrol supplies, and superior air power started with

the advantage which must ultimately decide the final issue.

But General von Rommel has proved himself one of Hitler's top-drawer generals. In any kind of warfare he would rank high among tacticians. In tank war he started with all the advantages of practical experience. It seems that he also had the advantage of the proportion of heavier tanks. This, and the German capacity for organising quick repair workshops on the field as well as rapid refuelling service, stood him in good stead at many critical periods in the early days of the battle.

It may be that when General Auchinleck ordered the British offensive to be launched he didn't catch Rommel so much by surprise as at first anticipated, but merely at a preliminary disadvantage. Reports reaching me from Cairo state that Rommel had actually timed an Axis offensive to begin four days after General Auchinleck struck. This would account for the massed formations of Rommel's men and machines around which General Auchinleck ordered General Alan Cunningham to throw our armoured ring. Also this would account for the length of the battle.

Great Rejoicing

THE news from Russia continues to be heartening since Marshal Timoshenko with his mighty effort threw the Germans out of Rostov. The Marshal's reward was great rejoicing throughout Russia and a telegram of praise from Stalin.

Apart from strengthening the morale of the Russian soldiers, this first important victory must have put Hitler's plans for his campaign in the Caucasus sadly out of gear, for the time being, at any rate. This fact is adequately borne out by the German propaganda service which has been at pains to proclaim that the attack on Moscow is more important than the projected campaign in the Caucasus. But Moscow still stands and the betting among

soldiers is that Hitler will never take the city.

The retreat from Rostov was the first serious rout the Germans have suffered in Russia. I wonder how they are taking it. At home the German propaganda machine has covered the retreat by several plausible and varying excuses. But about the Libyan battle the German people appear to have been given the scantiest news. All this may be significant, but it is in no way conclusive.

Pacific Preparations

FOR half a century the Japanese have been set on a policy of expansion and aggression. All the indications are that honeyed words of peace only hide their greater determination. They cannot lightly abandon that which has been their national policy for so long a time. The appointment of Admiral Tom Phillips, Britain's smallest admiral, to the Far East shows that the British War Cabinet does not underestimate the situation.

Admiral Phillips takes with him the friendship and personal confidence of the Prime Minister. His appointment as Commander-in-Chief Eastern Fleet means that one of the most brilliant of our naval strategists is to take charge of the concentration of British naval ships at Singapore.

Finland's Decision

EVERY effort has been made by the British Government to make a declaration of war on Finland unnecessary. Long friendship, trading interests and common beliefs in democracy have each been weighed in the balance. But the fact is that the Finns hate the Russians more than they distrust the Germans. Their present attitude does not mean that their faith in a British victory has diminished. They hope and believe that at the end of the war Britain will find an excuse for Finland's policy.

Myself at the Pictures

By James Agate

Three Good Films



"Hi-Gang" has a Famous Radio Team
Vic Oliver, Ben Lyon and Bébé Daniels are in "Hi-Gang," the film which follows their record-breaking fifty-two weeks together "on the air." Millions of radio fans will now be able to see their favourite stars at work, for much of the script has been written round the thrills and pitfalls of broadcasting



"South-American George" has a British Box Office Record-Breaker

George Formby is singing as usual, this time with Linden Travers' encouragement. George plays three parts in this film; a lad with operatic ambitions, the same lad as he impersonates a temperamental opera star, and finally the star himself

WHAT is a good film? I think that one of the ways to answer this question is to transpose it and ask: What is a good picture? Meaning the thing which is painted by hand and hangs on a wall. It is a good picture if, all things considered, you prefer it to the bare wall. "But," say you, being argumentative, "even a bad picture may be better than empty space." Exactly, my dear sir—in that sense the bad picture becomes a good picture. So it is with films.

A famous critic of my youth once went out of the theatre in the middle of the potion scene in *Romeo and Juliet*, in which that young woman tried to stifle horror by stuffing her mouth full of blanket, on the ground that he preferred looking at the omnibuses and carts. Would I rather go on watching a film than emerge into a December fog, trudge through the rain to my club, and yawn while retired gynaecologists swap stories older than the Womb of Time? In that case the film is a good one.

LET me apply this rule to three films I saw on one day last week. The first one was called *Suspicion* (Odeon), and I strongly suspect that this film is good enough absolutely. It asks us to imagine that Cary Grant is a charming and well-bred English ne'er-do-well moving in good society. Whereas he isn't anything of the kind; his shoulders have the American campus written all over them, and his manners have obviously been learnt in some Palais de Danse. Also he says "fix" when he means "arrange." However, he is likeable enough for us to take him at the film director's valuation, and as I have said so often, a film has got to be good going somehow.

Cary falls in love with Joan Fontaine, who is the daughter of General Sir Cedric Hardwicke

and Dame May Whitty. These three characters are authentic with the exception of two very small matters. One is that even today young women brought up as ladies do not receive telegrams in the presence of their mothers without revealing their contents. The other is that an English girl, speaking on the telephone does not use the phrase "thank you for calling me," when she means "thank you for ringing me up." A trifling fee of say, £5,000 would put any Hollywood director wise on these tiny points. But Mr. Alfred Hitchcock is not a Hollywood director but an English director who happens to be in Hollywood. Which just shows how Hollywood's communications corrupt English manners.

APART from these minute slips the film is admirable. It has plenty of deftly-arranged suspense. Cary has embezzled £2,000 which he must repay or go to jail. And we will skate over the fact that our English embezzlers are not normally satisfied with restitution and an apology. How is he going to get the money? By killing that most genial of murderers, Nigel Bruce? By poisoning Joan, now his wife, whose insurance money should yield him the necessary packet? We see him fiddling about with a glass of milk. What does this mean? The reader who sees this film will thank me for not telling him what happens.

IF Joan Fontaine does not presently attain real stardom, this is because she looks, behaves and dresses like that extraordinarily unfashionable thing, a lady. And by that I mean the properly nurtured daughter of gentlefolk. Whether her unspoiled looks, natural charm and very considerable acting abilities will compensate for the absence of lacquered nails,

"Honky-Tonk" has a Great New Love Team

Clark Gable is the slick, sardonic hell-raising hero and Lana Turner, who has never been more glamorous, is his wife. Gable is submitting to the beauty treatment of "Gold Dust" Nelson (Claire Trevor) before going to woo his beautiful but determined young wife



Lana listens to her husband who is trying to break down the bedroom door which she has locked as she does not think he loves her enough to be her lover

smeared mouth, and all the dreary messes of the beauty parlour, the public must decide.

I have often heard other critics talk of the Hitchcock Touch, and wondered what they meant by it. There is a moment in this picture when detectives call on Joan, and one of them cannot take his eyes from a modernist painting which Mr. Hitchcock has thoughtfully hung in the Grant-Fontaine lounge hall. The interview concluded, the young split lags behind for yet another look at this, to him, riddle-cum-abortion. If this is a specimen of the famous Touch—and it is very amusing—then I forgive this clever director for the tiny lapses referred to above.

I CAN never resist bosh if it is delirious enough. *Sundown* (Gaumont) is a story of adventure in a far-flung post of Empire, where the only industry appears to be gun-running. The plot is a strange mixture of *Sanders of the River* and Rider Haggard's *She*. The enchantress in question is a heavily lidded desert rose in whose veins runs the blood, it ultimately turns out, not of the Abyssinian Border but of Surbiton's herbaceous ditto. She was kidnapped at the age of two, poor darling, and her name is not Zia but, one guesses, Ethel. In the end a gallant major, well played by George Sanders, dies saying to his friend; "My dear fellow, the time has now come when I must tell you that I am the son of a bishop. Hang on to two things, old boy, the Church and the Army. Together they will save England." At this point we hear the yodelling of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayerbeer Choir, presumably borrowed by United Artists for the occasion. The scene changes to London where, in a roofless cathedral rather larger than St. Paul's, Bishop Cedric Hardwicke tells the congregation that there is a corner of a field in Somaliland which is for ever England. Whereupon the critics assembled for this trade show made melancholy but unerring bee-lines for the buffet.

THE third picture was *Moon Over Miami* (Odeon) one minute of which, showing a female garage hand servicing a car with song and dance, drove me into the street. And there, queuing up in the wet and the fog, I saw scores of people who had obviously done an even harder day's work than I had, and were looking for that relaxation of which I had just had too much. It is here that the relativity of picture-judging comes in. These young people were obviously going to enjoy holding hands in the peach-coloured darkness and feeling the waves of Technicolor flow over them. And I realise that film critics are not the persons to judge of pictures like this. Only very, very rarely are we to be seen holding each other's hands.

An English race-meeting is one background for "Suspicion." On the course are the scoundrel (Cary Grant) and the friend he is later suspected of killing (Nigel Bruce). This film, now at the Odeon, is Mr. Agate's main topic this week



"Suspicion" has an English setting, Hollywood Stars and Hitchcock direction

She was a general's daughter and he was a handsome scoundrel but a gentleman at heart. She was Scottish and he was English but two American players take their parts—Joan Fontaine and Cary Grant. She thinks he is trying to murder her but he really loves her, and the tense anguish of suspicion makes way for a happy ending



The young-marrieds (Joan Fontaine and Cary Grant) gaze at the portrait of her father, General McLaidlaw (see right). Alfred Hitchcock, king of "suspense" directors, is responsible for "Suspicion" which has, except for the stars, a mainly British cast



Cedric Hardwicke plays General McLaidlaw. He is the father of Joan Fontaine (with him here), and Dame May Whitty is her mother. Another player is the late Auriol Lee who was killed in a Kansas motor accident last July



The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

Love in a Mist (St. Martin's)

ON the programme there is Exmoor, and on Exmoor there is fog. Hence the title of Mr. Kenneth Horne's new comedy. And hence, when the honeymoon car containing Pat and Nigel, married that very morning, can no longer see its bonnet before its wind-screen, the bed-and-breakfast bungalow of Mr. and Mrs. Evans appears to offer most timely refuge. Mrs. Evans may be garrulous, with an accent possibly more reminiscent of Manchester than of Minehead. Mr. Evans may be taciturn, with no accent at all, for the only language he speaks is Welsh, and not even his wife speaks that. But lovers on a first night are no more particular than playgoers. All is suffused by the golden glow of enthusiasm. And when bedtime comes, although Pat and Nigel display a diffidence more in key with 1841 than 1941, the Ritz itself couldn't seem more inviting.

THE best-laid beds of brides and bridegrooms gang aft agley. The trouble on this occasion is caused by the arrival of another fog-bound couple: Rose, who is a shorthand-typist on a week-end, and Howard, the son of her boss, who is said to be artistic with leanings towards literature, though you wouldn't guess it to look at him or listen to him. These twain are not man and wife, and Rose, who is already beginning to wish that she hadn't and think that she won't, confides in the bride. The bride agrees to help her. There being but one bedroom, Cupid's amorous and legal rites shall be postponed in order that his more illicit pranks may be frustrated. The girls occupy the bedroom. The son of the boss is circumvented with a sofa. And the bridegroom, gnashing as to the teeth and champing as to the bit, makes the best of a bad job on the floor.

THERE is, however, always tomorrow — until tomorrow comes. Act II is still on Exmoor, and still on Exmoor in Act II is fog. The bride, who has been willing to defend Rose's chastity for one night, feels that twice is once too much and withdraws support. And when Rose, anxious lest the fog should lift, secretly empties the petrol tanks of both cars, she forfeits the bride's sympathy altogether. The bridegroom, however, having now learnt the position, comes forward instead of his wife as the champion of virtue, so that whereas in Act I he wonders whether she is fond



The Landlady is
Marjorie Rhodes



The mute Music Lover is Lionel Gadsden

of him, in Act II she wonders whether he is fond of her. For he insists that she shall once again sleep in the bedroom with the unhappy Pat. She, however, refusing, shows that she is in earnest by flouncing down for Night No. 2 upon the floor, what time Pat takes possession of the sofa. And so, at the close of this act, it is the two men who sleep comfortably if unwillingly in bed.

ONE does get a little tired of that bed and that bedroom and of the changes rung on the situation with mathematical dexterity by Mr. Horne. These changes seem too often to come out of the forcing-house of the scenario; and while they achieve a symmetry that is right and proper in comedy, this symmetry, at its best, is a more natural flowering than we get at the St. Martin's.

The unmarrieds are
Michael Shepley and
Anna Konstam, and
the honeymooners who
both like having to
share the only bed
with the newcomers
are Richard Bird
and Ann Todd

The four lovers, played by Miss Ann Todd, Miss Anna Konstam, Mr. Richard Bird and Mr. Michael Shepley, set to partners and go through the motions of the various figures of the dance with more energy than spirit. Mr. Bird gets most colour into his performance, but seems to be driven to a kind of "gagging" that is not verbal, but is in the very manner of his acting, which illustrates, not altogether satisfactorily, the old saying, "as large as life and twice as natural." Miss Marjorie Rhodes as the garrulous landlady contributes fierce intervals and Mr. Lionel Gadsden makes such an odd, imposing figure of her silent husband that one is curious to hear him speak. But that would be a mistake. It is a pleasure to be kept guessing, and it is when playwrights tell all they know about a character that the character becomes dull in its limited completeness.





René Ray Has a Taste for Heraldry

Angus McBean

Some of René Ray's spare time is devoted to the most romantic of sciences—that of armorial bearings—and Angus McBean took this composite photograph to illustrate her taste for the fascinating complications of shields, crests, supporters and mottoes. Other spare-time likings of hers are for painting, writing, riding, swimming, squash, and table-tennis. Most of her working hours at the moment are spent as the ingenue daughter of Marie Löhr in "Other People's Houses"

Stage Asides: Public and Personal



Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Oriel Ross Plays Two Queens

Oriel Ross is in Donald Wolfitt's Shakespeare company, and has been playing the Queen in "Hamlet" (see left), and Queen Elizabeth in "Richard III." These plays have been part of the repertoire of the company during a country-wide tour. At Christmas, Mr. Wolfitt will present "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and "The Merchant of Venice" in London, at the Strand Theatre

Enid Stamp-Taylor is evidently a tea-specialist. When she entertains at five o'clock she pours from five beautiful Chinese teapots, each containing a different brew. On the right her guest is Josephine Wray, the opera-singer. Miss Stamp-Taylor's latest success is the barmaid role which she plays in the film version of "Hatter's Castle"

(Photograph by Tunbridge-Sedgwick)



Margaret Lockwood Has a Baby Daughter

Margaret Lockwood is Mrs. Rupert Leon in private life, and she and her husband have a baby daughter a couple of months old. Miss Lockwood, whose last film-part was the bride in "Quiet Wedding," is returning to the screen in an English version of the French film "Alibi"

Enid Stamp-Taylor Pours Varied Tea



Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

By Bridget Chetwynd

Lunching

LADY CARISBROOKE was lunching out, in a beautiful mink coat, and on the same day Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Hanké had a party. She was Miss June Child, one of the daughters of Madame de Peña, and she looked nice in St. John Ambulance uniform, in which she was painted fairly lately by Captain Serge Rodzianko.

Mr. Stephen Spender, the poet, whose wife plays the piano, and was Natasha Litvin, was out lunching with Mr. Tony Heindeman. Mr. Lucien Freud is up from Suffolk, where he has been painting strenuously, and recent enjoyers of leave in London are Captain Freddie Lord, Mr. Billy Pinder-Wilson and Mr. Esmond Fairweather.

Gay Evening—

At the Lansdowne, people race downhill to dance, and then climb up again, because it used to be a cinema, and the tables are where the seats were.

The Duke of Rutland was there one night, and other recent dancers round were Captain Lord Ebury, Lady Weymouth, who lives in the west country and does her share of entertaining the mass of soldiers down there, Baroness Dorndorf, Sir Richard Sykes, Countess Paul Munster—a sister of Lady Stavordale—Lord Vaughan, Miss

Ghislaine Dresselhuys, and Mr. and Mrs. Hunter-Jardine-Patterson with a party.

Everyone keeps very gay, and a dance floor that provided more than standing space would seem almost deserted. The Lansdowne is a compact shape and size for a gay evening.

—And Night

EVENING presumably becomes night around the times that restaurant bands play "God Save the King" and the bottle parties really get going. And at the rush hour, on Saturday nights especially, people wait patiently outside closed doors, to be eventually squeezed in as in the worst conditions of bus and Underground travel.

Miss Elizabeth Moncreiffe was among the better-looking straphangers last week: also Miss Georgina Cookson, very fair and slim, Mr. Hugh Williams in khaki, Mr. Wilfred Hyde-White, Baroness Winterstein-Gillespie, and Miss Inga Andersen, full of vitality, with sequins on the shoulders of her black dress. On the whole, a large proportion of stage people.

Also Lord Donegal, representing both the Press and Titles; Professor Joad's pretty younger daughter Lucy, Miss Tatiana Price, Mr. Derek Stanley-Smith, and Mr. Roderick Fenwick-Owen.

Dining

MORE diners to dance music were Miss Kay Hammond, Mr. Rex Harrison, Miss Lilli Palmer, Captain Leonard Plugge, and Mr. and Mrs. Ben Bathurst—he is Lord Bledisloe's son.

Miss Susan Vernon was up from Somerset and looking nice. Her cousin, Mr. Gavin Vernon Black, has been staying down there, relieved to have news of his brother Richard who was reported to be in a prison camp in Germany and who now turns out to be in Italy.

Mrs. David Heneage is one of the beauties who have left London for Somerset. Her home is there, but she used to have a house in South Kensington. She was Miss Joan Trevilian, and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Richard Trevilian, is living in Somerset, too, at her husband's house, Middelney Manor. He is in the East, and has another lovely sister, Ursula, now Mrs. Douglas Blackett.

Yugoslav Relief

THE Yugoslav Relief Society is under the patronage of King Peter the Second, and his mother, Queen Marie. Madame Simovic is President, Mr. and Mrs. Drexel Biddle are among the vice-presidents, Princess Romanovsky-Pavlovsky is chairman, Mrs. Geoffrey Kennedy vice-chairman, Lord Crewe the honorary treasurer, and Professor Borenus appeal director.

The Society is, of course, for the relief of Yugoslav sufferers from the war, and gifts in money and kind are appealed for, to be sent to 29, Arlington House, Arlington Street.

The committee includes all sorts of people: for instance, the Bishop of Gibraltar, Mr. Charles Cochran, Princess Bagration, Miss Rebecca West, Prince Vsevolode of Russia, Lord Beauchamp, Madame Sapunjic, and others as widely representative.



Lenare

Miss Gabrielle Woods

A recent engagement is that of Miss Gabrielle Woods, youngest daughter of the Bishop of Lichfield, and Mrs. Woods, of the Palace, Lichfield, and Captain George Livesey Stenhouse Pike, Scots Guards. He is the only son of Major and Mrs. S. A. Pike, of Cothill House, Abingdon, Berks.



Bertram Park

Miss Olive Robins

In July last year Commander Sir Charles Madden, Bt., R.N., and Miss Olive Robins, daughter of the late Mr. G. W. Robins, and Mrs. Robins, of Cald, Cheshire, announced their engagement; since then he has been serving at sea. He succeeded his father, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Charles Madden, as second baronet, in 1935



Harlip

Miss Diana Hambro

Miss Diana Hambro announced last month that she would be married shortly to Lieut. James David Gibson Watt, Welsh Guards, eldest son of the late Major James Gibson Watt, and Mrs. Gibson Watt, of Doldowlod, Llandrindod Wells. She is the daughter of Sir Charles Hambro, of 7, Prince's Gate, S.W.7, and the late Mrs. Hambro



Dorothy Wilding
Lieut. the Hon. Charles and Mrs. Cavendish

A son and heir was born to Lieut. the Hon. Charles and Mrs. Cavendish on November 7th. Mr. Cavendish is the only son of the fourth Baron Chesham, and his first wife, now Mrs. Francis Lorne. Mrs. Cavendish was formerly Miss Mary Marshall, daughter of Mr. David Gregory Marshall, M.B.E., of White Mill, Cambridge. They have one daughter, Joanna Mary, born in 1938. Their country house is at Latimer, in Buckinghamshire



Lenore
Mrs. Montgomerie-Charrington

On October 4th, Mr. and Mrs. Robin Montgomerie-Charrington's first child—a son—was born. Mrs. Montgomerie-Charrington was presented at Court in 1937. She is the eldest daughter of Mrs. Drummond-Wolff, of 14, Eaton Square, and of Newport, Rhode Island

Hospitals in Hove

LADY JONES, who is really Miss Enid Bagnold, the writer, opened the Lady Chichester Hospital Autumn Fayre in Hove. (Why Fayre? Why not hayre, chayre, and so on?)

The Mayor and Mayoress, Councillor and Mrs. A. H. Clarke, welcomed Lady Jones, who urged that "we should not become less charitable as our purses grew less heavy."

The Lady Chichester Hospital is for cases of early nervous disorders, which sounds a good idea, and the Fayre was organised by a small committee, of which Mrs. Edward McManus was chairman, and Mr. Anderson Shaw secretary.

Good Works in Winchester

THE Winchester Red Triangle Club is the Y.M.C.A. in disguise, and there has been a bazaar and sale of work to aid it.

People there were Canon Spencer Leeson (president), the Mayor and Mayoress (Lieut.-General and Mrs. F. H. Griffiths), General Sir Edward and Lady Broadbent, Colonel and Mrs. Ainslie Williams, Major Boyle, Mr. A. T. Edmonds, Lady Dreyer, Lady Browning and Mrs. Rannie.

The president in his speech remarked that the Y.M.C.A. in wartime had taken on the tremendous job of catering not only for the youth of the country, but for the troops as well.

There were more speeches, lots of stalls, and the bazaar produced a total of about £135.

Another Fund

LADY MAUD CARNEGIE heads the list of patrons of the Silver Thimble Fund, Lady Bertha Dawkins is president, and Lady Braid Taylor vice-president. By the collection and sale of gifts of oddments, the Fund raises money to present life-saving

units to the Forces, and the next thing they want to provide is a rescue launch, costing £10,000, for airmen who bale out over the seas. The War Departments approve of the various units, and the appeal has aroused great interest in India, South Africa, New Zealand, Australia, Newfoundland, U.S.A., etc.

Other patrons are Admiral Sir Dudley Pound and Lady Pound, General Lord Gort, Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir Cyril Newall, and the Mayoress of Wimbledon, Mrs. H. A. Crewe. The depot for contributions and sales is 17, High Street, Wimbledon Common, S.W.19.

Entertainments

"HATTER'S CASTLE" is like something one might have dreamed after reading every Victorian novel straight off on end and then eating something frightfully indigestible.

We laughed and laughed and laughed. It must have been lovely to be Robert Newton, chucking about and smashing up so many things, and even kicking people, and the part of the trembling-lipped, seduced heroine, floundering about in unnaturally profuse rain, would have its moments of pleasure for anyone tired of real life.

As for *Sergeant York*, with Gary Cooper a-comin' and a-goin' and a-ponderin' in very slow motion for hours on end, it's certainly propaganda, either for or against something.

Dancer

GRETA GYNT, the lovely Norwegian ballet dancer, who made her London debut in 1936 in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at the Open Air Theatre in Regent's Park, and who has since made several films over here, is now living in an attractive country house down at Cookham.

She is planning to return to ballet, and to spend the next six months practising hard.

She can also sing, and has been heard in "Crooks' Tour" on the wireless, and will be singing at the International Red Cross Fair at the May Fair on December 11th, 12th and 13th.



Harlip
The Hon. Mrs. Walter Keppel

A November bride was Miss Aline Lucy Harington, only daughter of Brig.-Gen. John and Lady Aline Harington, of Chelmarsh Hall, Bridgnorth. Her husband, Lieut. the Hon. Walter Keppel, R.N., is the second son of Viscount Bury, and the late Viscountess Bury, and grandson of the Earl of Albemarle

The Younger Generation



Miss Penelope Steele

Miss Penelope Steele is working at a Chelsea First-Aid Post, and also helps at the Beaver Club, the London rendezvous of Canadians in this country. She is the daughter of Mrs. Gerald Steele, of 66, Prince's Gate, S.W., and before the war she was a student at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, and intended to take up acting as a career.



Miss Sheila Lyster and Miss Evelyn Lyster

Two of the three daughters of Rear-Admiral A. L. St. George Lyster, C.B., D.S.O., C.V.O., and Mrs. Lyster, are now serving in the W.R.N.S. Their father was appointed last March Fifth Sea Lord and Chief of Naval Air Services. He was in command of the aircraft-carriers of the Mediterranean Fleet at the time of the successful Taranto attack on the Italian Fleet. In 1939 he was A.D.C. to the King.



Miss Janet Attlee

Elliott and Fry

Miss Janet Attlee is the eighteen-year-old daughter of Mr. C. R. Attlee, the Lord Privy Seal, and Mrs. Attlee. She is in the W.A.A.F., and has been selected for special duties. Her father recently returned from America, where he went to represent the British Government at the International Labour Conference.



Harlip

Miss Vivian Heywood

Miss Vivian Heywood is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Garnett Heywood, of Beedles, Sandwich, Kent. Before the war, Miss Heywood, known as the "Golfing Babe," was one of the most promising girl golfers. Runner-up in the Kent County Championship, finalist at Ranelagh, her spectacular play in the Girls' Championship inspired Tom Webster to draw her as an example of hard hitting to British boxers. Her brother is in the Grenadiers.



Lenart

Miss Alexandra Mary Currie

Miss Mary Currie is the elder daughter of Captain and Mrs. Bertram Currie, of Dingley Hall, Market Harborough. She is a godchild of the late Queen Alexandra, as are also her mother and her grandfather, Mr. Alexander Alston. The Curries bought Dingley Hall from Lord Beatty when they sold Minley Manor, Farnborough, to the Government. Captain Currie has rejoined his old regiment, the Scots Guards.



Mrs. Meredith Howland, a hard-working member of Lady Abingdon's Committee to aid the Refugees of England, wore an elegant hat trimmed with pale blue feathers



Mrs. J. B. Ryan, daughter of the late Otto Khan, and sister of Mrs. John Marriott, acted as deputy for Lady Abingdon and received some of the paying guests



The Blake drawings for "Pilgrim's Progress," which were discovered in Lord Crewe's library last year, apparently puzzled Miss Jean Muir, the American actress



Mrs. J. Randall Creel, Miss Sonia Converse, Mrs. Carmien Messmore, and Princess Mdivani, who was Louise Van Alen and is the widow of the last of the "marrying Mdivanis," chose a Blake background. Mrs. Randall Creel's husband is in London on a U.S. Naval Mission. Mrs. Carmien Messmore has earned a great reputation as an indefatigable worker for Britain

In New York

The Blake Pre-view in Aid of Refugees of England

Mrs. Andrew Berens went round the room where English sporting pictures were on view with Mrs. Geoffrey Toye, wife of the well-known conductor. Mrs. Toye is hoping to return to this country with her son as soon as there is space available in the Clipper

Mrs. Lytle Hull, whose sister married Jan Juta, the South African sculptor, is the premier musical patroness of New York (see "Letter from America," p. 376). Until last year, she was Mrs. Vincent Astor. With her is Mrs. Wm. Osborne (left)



Mrs. Crocker and Mrs. Winn walked round together and did much to further the success of the Pre-view. Mrs. Winn was Kitty Van Heukelom. American by birth, she returned to America last year with her small son, Michael. Her former husband, the Hon. Charles Winn, is a brother of Lord St. Oswald



Mrs. Julie Thompson, whose untiring efforts as Vice-President of Bundles for Britain at Bar Harbor resulted in a record summer total, was talking to Madame Felix Guépin, Bulgarian-born wife of the Dutch oil magnate. Madame Guépin's father, M. Dmitri Stancioff, was Bulgarian Minister to the Court of St. James for many years. Her elder sister, Lady (Kay) Muir, was one of the first women diplomats

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

BRIGHT and fierce and fickle is the South, remarked Alfred Lord Tennyson, and dark and true and tender is the North—a statement we have more than once been in a good position to check in two days' travel up the Great North Road. It is roughly untrue.

For all that, we were refreshed by the Northern vowels of Mr. Pickles, the latest B.B.C. news announcer. That smooth, wilful brightness and refinement of the other news boys—with one grateful exception, Mr. Howland, to mention no names—stink of iodoform and cold; starched, creaking linen. (Just the kind of boys who'd call daffodils daffies while they're taking your temperature.)

Mr. Pickles's delivery reminds us of tonic windswept moors and drizzly industrial hells full of hairy Arnold Bennett and Priestley types packed with sterling qualities; a wee bit inclined, perhaps, to mistake rudeness for honesty and to despise all grace and beauty as sissy, but very, very solid and estimable. But for the grafters of the South, after all, the North would have delivered England from the Tudor Hag; remember this next time you shudder at that short "a" in "bath." Remember also that Bradford produced Delius.

Postscript

ALL we hope is that Mr. Pickles won't fall in love with his voice like the other tenors (exception as above), who sound to us, as they pour out those trills and roulades and fioriture, like a lot of Marguerites toying with their pearls, crazy with ecstasy. ("This is not I! THEEEES ees not I!") How can one possibly believe in fairies when the *bel canto* boys never get a playful kick in the pants from Wendy Darling?

Guerdon

HANDING the Mayor and Town Clerk of Oxford an honorary M.A. apiece, Alma Mater could hardly avoid awaking under many an academic bonnet there present the reflection that to get the real stuff from Mother—an hon. LL.D., say—you have to be something pretty big, such as a foreign mystagogue, a best-selling booksy boy, an actress, a successful politician, a wealthy moneylender. But most of all the academic horde and the ædiles alike must have pondered the Deputy Public Orator's remark that a fourteenth-century Provost of Oxford had a mayor of Oxford hanged.

The Sorbonne had the same kind of intermittent bothers with the secular arm at this

period, but having the powerful Provost of Paris to contend with it could hardly retaliate with such agreeable verve. Its chief weapon was the suspension not only of all University lectures, but of sermons throughout Paris, which after all is, or was, a more formidable exhibition than hanging a mayor of Oxford, whose customers were probably all for it anyway.

That Provost of Oriel might have punished the mayor more subtly and humiliatingly, it occurs to one, by inflicting on him an honorary B.A., making him feel exactly like that British diplomat's wife of Foreign Office legend, on whom the Sultan conferred the Order of Chastity, Civil Division, Third Class. Or like Baudelaire when he received a silver bicycling medal from the Poetry Society, with a letter saying his poems seemed to be quite interesting but rather morbid, and had he ever tried the joys of the Open Road?

Revolt

LISTENING to a chap giving tongue over the air recently on the subject of careers for the young in the postwar world, if any, we thought of Mrs. Browning's wild outburst at a party when Browning said musingly he'd like the child to be a literary critic if he could get him on a good publisher's payroll:



"Chop suey my eye! There's not a single chop in it"



"Carry your bag, Sir?"

Book critics' lives [shouted Mrs. Browning]

Are brutish and short,
To beat their wives
Is their only sport,
A life of error
'Mid thugs and sharks
Is passed in terror
Of publishers' marks,
Of P.E.N. Club hags
With icy breath,
Of blows, of gags,
And a shameful death,
Their vile employ
Is parasitic,
I won't let my boy
Be a booksy critic.

A deathly silence ensued, after which the *Times* Books Editor said tactfully to Matthew Arnold: "Been to any good shows lately, old man?" and the incident dropped.

Kick

AUSTRIANS in this country strongly resent Prussians being employed to broadcast to Austria, and who shall blame them? It seems to us just one more affront to a highly civilised, charming, and friendly nation (with one possible exception), due not to deliberate intent, but merely to the belief, held firmly by the Island Race, that Continental foreigners are all the same and uniformly black, with woolly hair ("Negroes begin at Calais"—French proverb).

No doubt the British Government did the best thing for Vienna, some time before Hitler marched in, by letting Eric Maschwitz take it over. Mr. Maschwitz ran Vienna extremely well in 6-8 time and anybody who denies this can step outside. ("Seconds out of the Ring"—old Viennese saying.) The only criticism we ever had to make of the Maschwitz régime was that love, life, and laughter left the Viennese no time to eat and sleep so far as could be perceived from where we sat. This was due, maybe, to the fact that Mr. Maschwitz never eats or sleeps himself, but merely folds and unfolds his 6 in. by 15 ft. frame in sections, like a carpenter's rule.

Strauss (Johann), who ran Vienna with almost equal success in the 1860's, did not fall

(Concluded on page 374)

The Wall Game

Players and Spectators at Eton
on St. Andrew's Day



College, still clean and tidy here, were beaten by the Oppidans, who scored a shy in the first half. Playing for College were M. S. Bayley, O. A. Knox, M. B. Ramage, A. F. Headlam, G. F. Farrer, M. J. Abrahams, M. A. Nicholson, T. A. Jones, P. N. Hamilton, J. H. Dale, D. W. Snow

Sec.-Lt. Lloyd Thomas, Fl.-Lt. *MacAndrew, Sec.-Lt. Brocklebank, and the Hon. David Joicey were three Old Etonians present (left). At Eton now is the Hon. Michael Joicey



M. H. Wheatley and T. N. Hughes-Onslow played for the Oppidans. Hughes-Onslow's father and brother were both Keepers of the Wall, one thirty, the other three years ago



R. E. Lumley was another Oppidan in a Wall game described as one of the fiercest on record. One nose was injured and several black eyes were inflicted



Mr. Salvidge and Mrs. Nicholson were photographed with the latter's son, M. A. Nicholson, who played for College. The Collegers were unbeaten this season up to November 29th

Eady Meyer, with her mother, Mrs. Charles Knight, below, married an Old Etonian, Sir Anthony Meyer, Bt., in October

Michael Bendix talked to Major-Gen. O. M. Lund and Major and Mrs. Lionel Neame. Mrs. Neame was formerly Mrs. Daisy Bendix

Two more St. Andrew's Day visitors were Captain Maxtone-Graham and Mrs. Clive Burt. With them below is J. D. Bethune



Standing By ...

(Continued)

into this error, we deduce from a waltz for the Doctors' Guild called *Leberswecker*, or *Livershaker*. The Viennese obviously had plenty of time to eat under Strauss, and in our opinion it did them good, not to speak of the doctors.

When the Prussian is finally ejected permanently from Vienna, please God, a European Conference should give her citizens henceforth time for a sandwich between songs and kisses, and a nap every forty-eight hours. Of course if they're ever mixed up again with Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies they can eat Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies.

Mill

HAVING paid a visit to that celebrated Battle-Drill School in the South-Eastern Command where we took a relatively

mild Home Guard course in the latest brusquerie and bloodmindedness some weeks ago, Auntie *Times's* Army Correspondent, we noticed, grasped the main gospel preached daily in that parish, namely, that it is still the infantry that matters.

You can't help absorbing this Napoleonic message at every turn; even in the canteen there hangs, or hung, a huge streamer reminding the troops as they lurch in for a moment's respite that the infantry of that Division will take the stiffest jobs and the hardest knocks. Hence the terrific science and pace of the battle-training at this school, where to encourage students to keep their heads down when necessary, live rounds are fired over them by picked marksmen.

Fasting from dawn to dusk during violent cross-country exercises in full battle-kit is another thing which makes the grimmest memories of Aldershot and Chelsea Barracks in World War I look like a Speech Day



PAPER CHASE

Paper is a munition of war. Use it sparingly. Save it consistently.

Waste paper is needed for more shell-containers, gun-fuses, bomb parts. Turn out those back numbers, old letters, music, catalogues, books.

Cardboard is invaluable, too. Save your old boxes, cigarette-packets, cartridge-cases. Your local council will collect.

Old Bill: By Bruce Bairnsfather



"By the time you get this letter you'll probably be in Cairo, having a good time while your poor old wife is at home fire-watching"

at a finishing-school. And what Auntie's boy didn't notice, apparently, but we did, was that there are no embarrassed apologies nowadays for the use of the stiletto, deemed un-English in 1914-18. Post-war Lord's congregations may yet see explosive balls and duels with spiked bats. It would certainly improve that fool game, and you can quote us.

Purge

RATHER scoldingly, one of the papers reports that a number of Parisian public statues are being pulled down. We doubt if the more cultivated citizens of Paris give a hoot.

Fewer really ignoble pieces of statuary defile Paris than London, but the Parisians have some queer old bits as well, for the most part raised by the Third Republic to its more eminent political grafters, such as Gambetta, who figures in a pleasing group of marble and gilt, in the Carrousel, frock-coated, apotheosized, and wafted by angels of the Grand Orient to his appointed place. On the other hand, Paris has more and better statues to poets than we have—how that modest but graceful Shakespeare near St. Augustin puts the scrubby confection in Leicester Square to shame!—and if it's the statue of François Coppée we're thinking of, the poet's bronze cigarette is a poem in itself. The Third Republic incidentally put up a few of its statues by way of studied insult, for example the Renan at Tréguier, which most people expected the devout Bretons to blow up long ago. However, the Bretons blew up Anne of Brittany instead, showing how excessive nationalism confuses the issues and warps the judgment.

Double

THE most amusing Parisian statues, in our unfortunate view, are (a) the tiny Napoleon topping that vast pillar of the Place Vendôme, which has inspired much ribald verse; and (b) the monument in the Avenue des Ternes to the balloonist Montgolfier, or somebody, which looks from a little distance like the Fifth Form at Roedean at basket-ball. In London, with the exception of Lesueur's Charles I., they all make you laugh except those which make you sick, and there is one, near Trafalgar Square, which has both effects, simultaneously.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

The Viceroy's Daughter

Lady Anne Southby and Her
Four-Months-Old Son



Lady Anne Southby Was Married Two Years Ago

Lady Anne Hope, eldest daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Linlithgow, married Lieut. Patrick Henry James Southby, R.N., in 1939 in India, returned to England when her husband left his post as A.D.C. to her father, the Viceroy, to go on active service, and is now living at Field House, Burford, in Oxfordshire. Her son was born in August, and was christened Richard Henry Alexander in October. Her husband is the younger son of Commander Sir Archibald Southby, Bt., of Burford Priory, Oxon. He joined the Navy in 1927, and was Flag-Lieutenant to Admiral Sir Alexander Ramsay, then C.-in-C. East Indies, before he became A.D.C. to the Viceroy. Sir Archibald Southby, who has been M.P. for Epsom for thirteen years, has been much in the Parliamentary news lately as seconder of the amendment to the Address from the Throne dealing with the much-disliked Defence Regulation 18b. Lady Anne Southby's brother, Captain the Earl of Hopetoun, who is a prisoner in Germany, is one of her son's godparents, and another is Captain Lord Louis Mountbatten, D.S.O., R.N.

*Photographs by
Tunbridge-Sedgwick*

Richard Henry Alexander Southby Was Born in August



Picture show: Mrs. Ala Story, director of the American British Art Centre in New York, organised an exhibition of Cecil Beaton's photographs called "London's Honorable Scars." She was photographed at the opening with Mrs. Cushing Roosevelt, daughter-in-law of the President. The next show was of thirty-five contemporary British paintings purchased by the Centre



Artist and decorator is Miss Linda Lindeberg, daughter of a distinguished American architect, Harrie Lindeberg, in whose office she works. They are of Swedish descent. Miss Lindeberg's hands have been several times sculpted



Ambassador Sir Noel Charles and Lady Charles were photographed in Washington on their way to Rio de Janeiro. Sir Noel Charles was appointed Ambassador to Brazil in succession to Sir Geoffrey Knox in June, and left Lisbon, where he had been Minister since last year, in September. He was Counsellor and then Minister in Rome from 1937 until Italy entered the war

Letter From America

By Pamela Murray

New Opera Company

DR. FRITZ BUSCH, of Glyndebourne, was at the baton, as they say, and the Metropolitan "horseshoe-ites" were in the stalls of the 44th Street Theatre when the young—in every sense—opera company, brought into being by Mrs. Lytle Hull (sister of Mrs. Jan Jura), Mrs. Cornelius Dresselhuys (who sings dans l'intimité, as does Mrs. Jessie Woolworth Donahue), and many other music-minded men and women (mostly women who, contrary to the fixed belief, work even harder than men in America), presented Mozart's *Così Fan Tutti*, with Ina Souez of Glyndebourne as Fiordiligi. The singers were young, or youngish, Americans; the excellent orchestra notably youthful; the audience too conscious of its own importance to provide an honest reaction.

Two weeks later the new venture is drawing numerous musical, mostly foreign, elements, and by the end of six weeks Mrs. Hull will know whether her dream of establishing similar opera companies in half-a-dozen great cities can be realised, thus employing hundreds of artists, and giving immeasurable delight to thousands of listeners.

Persons Plural

SUPPORTERS of the new opera whom you may know included the Marshall Fields, the Myron Taylors, the veteran musician Dr. Walter Damrosch, whose daughter, Mrs. Wolff, used to train the American Olympic lady skiers at St. Anton; Ned Murray, socialite artist; Lucrezia Mori, ex-prima donna; Mrs. Ogden Reid, of the *Herald Tribune*; Mrs. Mesker, of Palm Beach; Mrs. Freddy McEvoy; Lady Decies in one of her three tiaras; Maury Paul (viewing with mild interest the retreating back of "Joe" Schenck, who figures in a sensational Hollywood tax trial; this department not having seen him since his engagement to Merle Oberon at Monte Carlo Beach); and Deems Taylor, commentator in *Fantasia*.

New Films

WALT DISNEY has followed *Fantasia* with *Dumbo*, a fanciful delight about a little circus elephant, which takes us back to the high Disney days before he tried to prove something, and in consequence it would charm a bird off a tree, as they say of Mr. Roosevelt.

The new Astaire, *You'll Never Get Rich*, does not prove anything, either, except that the new girl cannot compete with Ginger Rogers, who seems to be through with dancing long before her time.

The latest success is *Maltese Falcon*, released without special "blurbery," yet acclaimed as the top mystery yarn since top English mystery yarns stopped coming across.

However, the picture I could not get in to was *Target for To-night*. Its authenticity made an instant, overwhelming appeal to Americans, who are unconsciously sick of seeing Hollywood cash-in on Britain's greatest hour—vide *A Yankee in the R.A.F.* et al.

Gallic Classic

YOUR correspondent enjoyed Raimu, Almer, Tramel, Gabrielle Dorziat and Jacqueline Delubac in *The Man Who Wanted to Know the Truth* more than anything since Guitry's *Ils Étaient Neuf Célébataires*. It was made over two years ago, but the eternal truths and twists of human nature from which great satire springs do not date.

Described by Broadway critics as a roaring comedy, the deceit and treachery of nearly every character did not seem specially funny to me, but there was comedy in Herman Weinberg's American captions. He translates *Les Liaisons Dangereuses* as "Bad Acquaintances," and refers in a preface to "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme"—Assez.

California Calling

FRIENDS lunching with Irene Dunne, on vacation in New York, found her the nicest all-round actress from Hollywood—a delightful woman who would have been what they call "a person" if she had not become a star. In her next, *Tales of Manhattan*, the principal players alone will earn 300,000 dollars. They are W. C. Fields, Charles Boyer, Rita Hayworth (the new girl with Astaire), Edward G. Robinson, Paul Robeson, Ethel Waters (superlative coloured trouper and singer) and the Laughtons.

From temporary Californian Captain Duncan Lawrie, of Silver Night Transatlantic yachting fame, we hear that life in a trailer, 100 miles from Los Angeles in the desert, is keeping him reasonably fit, considering how severely he was



Dress fitting: Rita Hayworth bought this sequined dress in New York before keeping a date with four U.S. Service men who were to take her on a night-life tour of the city. She is Fred Astaire's partner in his new film "You'll Never Get Rich," and is also in a super, star-filled picture called "Tales of Manhattan" (see "Letter from America")



An M.P. Meets Some Film-stars

wounded in the last war. His brother has just been invalided out of the Army, and both their sisters are war-working in London—"So can you wonder my heart's over there?" Like a lot of old soldiers, he believes the German bully will break when punishment rains.

The same sentiment comes from the opposite side of the world, where the Captain of Dunstaffnage is entertaining Polish officers in Argyllshire, their only common language being Russian, which he learnt during four years as a prisoner in Germany.

The Windsors' Welcome

THE Windsors' visit proved a real success. They looked rather tired from having said "Yes" to every war charity in the metropolitan area, with the result that the schedule, or "skedule" (a test word!) bogged down occasionally, turning Major Gray Phillips greyer and Captain Vyvyan Drury balder, according to their own testimony. Perhaps the pleasantest reunion was at the British Seamen's Institute in the Bronx, where the Duchess appeared delighted to find two old friends among the regular workers—"Molly" Pudakota (a shop girl by day) and Captain Arthur Marsden, who made H.R.H. laugh.

Of B.W.R. chiefs who entertained the Duke at lunch, none is a stronger personality than Mr. Frank Polk, who comes from a long, distinguished line of lanky, handsome Tennesseans. Assistant Secretary of State to President Wilson, he is lucky to be alive, having received in his throat the bullet aimed at Mayor Gaynor of New York. Mr. Polk was then Attorney-General of that State. Quiet, rugged, slow-moving, his appearance belies the liveliness of his conversation. I am indebted to him for one of the most attractive anecdotes about three of

THE TATLER
AND BYSTANDER
DECEMBER 10, 1941

Mr. George Alfred Isaacs, M.P., besides studying war industries during his visit to America, also visited film studios. On a Warner Bros. set he met Humphrey Bogart and Karen Verne, who play together in "All Through the Night"

Marlene Dietrich broke her ankle while making a new picture called "Lady is Willing," and was still walking with a stick when she arrived in New York, to be photographed greeting her husband, Rudolf Sieber, at Grand Central Station



Marlene Meets Her Husband

Mr. Balfour's satellites—the late Lord Lothian, Lord Perth and Sir Ian Malcolm. Remind me when still more water has flowed under the brig.

Russian War Relief Benefit

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN was the set for a stirring testimonial meeting with entertainment arranged by Gilbert Miller, whom I remember hearing on the theatre festival at Moscow some years ago. He thought very highly of the festival, but was less enthusiastic about a twenty-four-hour search of his suit-cases at the frontier airport. (In those days the Gestapo had nothing on the OGPU for thoroughness.)

Heading Russian War Relief is Joseph E. Davies, who, from an obscure departmental nook in Washington, became U.S. Ambassador to Russia after his marriage to Mrs. Ed. Hutton, the Post Toasties girl. He's her third, she his second; his daughter by his first being the wife of Senator Millard Tydings of Maryland.

The Davieses took literally tons of groceries to Russia, enough for the whole Embassy staff for several years. In a revue skit on their appointment Cole Porter made Victor Moore and Sophie Tucker take caviare to Moscow and bemoan in song the fact that, having only six daughters, they were unable to keep up with the Kennedys.

P.S.—No one hears of Joseph Kennedy to-day, though another Isolationist—Charles Lindbergh—still makes the headlines, and the strikelines.

Michele Morgan (right) since she got to Hollywood from France has devoted all her attention to becoming American. She doesn't bother with the French colony, but has been busy learning to swim and ride horses and roller coasters.



She Wants to Be American

Lunching with Bette Davis (right, below) was Lysiane Bernhardt, granddaughter of the great Sarah. She wants Bette to do a film biography of her grandmother



Doing two things at once—Gertrude Lawrence combs through a wig she wears in "Lady in the Dark" while giving a dressing-room broadcast to U.S. troops of the Panama Defence Command



“Get a Load of This”

There Is Music, Laughter, Dancing, Drama and Death in George Black's Two-Floor Show at the Hippodrome



Table telephoning is indulged in by Jack Barker in the “Orchid Room” cabaret, with the assistance of the smart bell-hop (Margo King). The Barkers, Jack and Daphne, in spite of some family bickering through the show, put across their sophisticated songs with their usual success, Daphne resplendent in gold lamé



Satin splendour fills the eye when Iris Lockwood, glamour girl, appears in this Norman Hartnell creation, one of several which she wears through the show

George Black's new show, author James Hadley, has Vic Oliver to compère, Jeanne Ravel to dance, Celia Lipton and the Barkers to sing, and the Cairoli Brothers to clown. Scene is a New York night spot, the “Orchid Room” cabaret. Tables extend into the stalls, and the curtain is never lowered during the performance, to create the impression that the audience is mixed up in the drama. Shooting by and of gangsters upstairs—Albert Lieven is the Boss—alternates with fun and gaiety below, and there is never a dull moment



Dancing time in the cabaret belongs to Jeanne Ravel of the lovely legs. She dances alone and with tall blond partner, George Gray. Jeanne is married to Ronnie Boyer, now in the Navy, with whom before the war she danced her way through Europe and South America

A drinking song is sung by Jean Barnes, standing at the bar, in the finale, “Cavalcade of Broadway”



The snake-charmer wears one of the wonderful costumes designed for the “Circus Parade” number





Coming with the band, her father's, was pretty Celia Lipson. Her previous occupation before becoming singing star in "Get a Load of This" Now, all in pink net and spangles, she croons to the microphone, the "Orchid Room" patrons, and sometimes to Vic Oliver



Financial failure, not lack of coupons, obliges Vic Vandyke (better known as Oliver) to continue compering the show in his shirt-tails. An umbrella (later claimed by the umbrella maker's representative) covers the deficiency while the tailor's man bears away the unpaid dress suit

Photographs by Royce

A cowgirl with ostrich-feather trousers has human horses on whom to try her skill with the lasso



A velvet elephant makes a dignified appearance in the circus, amongst a variety of birds and beasts



Siamese twins are yet another attractive sideshow in the "Circus Parade" scene



With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Obscure Lives

IN front of the great winds of world events, the lives of the little people are blown like straws. Nowadays, too much happens: our imaginations grow strained and tired with the effort to take in happenings on a colossal scale—so we turn with relief to small lives, to individual people, and wonder how they make out, how they see things through. Miss E. M. Almedingen's *To-morrow Will Come* (The Bodley Head; 12s. 6d.), ought to have, for this reason, a certain appeal. The book has half-a-dozen fine qualities, but I think it must have been, first of all, its delicate, vigorous truthfulness that gained for it the much-coveted *Atlantic Monthly* prize in America. The author, whose father was Russian and mother English, is already known as scholar and poetess; her very marked ability as a writer enables her to make the most of experience that was extraordinary in itself. The story of a young woman of gentle birth living through the Revolution in Russia, in the city she still loves as St. Petersburg, could engross us even were it far less well told.

In the early chapters of *To-morrow Will Come*, we find the glitter and glamour of Imperial Russia reflected in the eyes of a little girl. The St. Petersburg quays, the "prospects," the fantastic beauties of architecture and water (as "the Venice of the North" this city used to be known), the great pre-Revolution luxury shops, the festive lights on snow, the ring of the frozen city, the long white nights of summer, are described with a feeling that makes everything live. Though the Almedingens were an aristocratic family, the little girl, her mother and younger brothers came in for few of the pleasures of those days. Not only the shadow of sadness—Miss Almedingen's father had left her mother—but all

the threats and worries of genteel poverty hung over their family life. Mme. Almedingen, having known position and luxury in her early marriage (her daughter's first memory is of a ballroom, mirrored, with gold chairs), was reduced by her husband's desertion to the teaching of languages—and, even so, she could not make ends meet. Her elder children do not seem to have helped her—was there a streak of inhumanity in the Almedingens? Moving from cheap to cheaper apartments (and none of the bitterness of these steps down in the world seems to have been lost on the girl-child), from genteelly dim into downright slummy parts of a city planned for bravura, elegance, wealth, the young Almedingens only glimpse the great world during the periodic visits of Aunt Hermione. This aunt demands hot baths daily, writes essays in bed and sweeps off, be-furred and be-jewelled, to balls and operas from the vestibules of their series of modest flats.

Relatives

RELATIVES other than Aunt Hermione figure: there is the delightful Danish grandmother, with whom the children spend summers in Finland, in a white wooden house on an island in a wood-fringed lake. There is, too, the shadowy picture of the scientist father, who is adored at the girls' school at which he lectures, and is generally known as "le Marquis." After the death of "le Marquis," his daughter is sent to this very school: Xenia College, housed in a palace and under Imperial patronage, had been one of the many foundations of Catherine the Great. The child, who had already felt herself a pariah on her very few juvenile social occasions, because of her shabby clothes and the poverty-legend that dogged her steps, felt farouche and lonely in the surroundings of



Louis Bromfield

Louis ("The Rains Came") Bromfield has lately been at work on someone else's novel instead of his own. He has done the screen story of Ernest Hemingway's "For Whom the Bell Tolls," which Paramount are now filming. Bromfield, who has written fourteen best-selling novels and won the Pulitzer Prize, thinks the Hemingway book "great literature." He does all his own writing on his 1000-acre farm near Lucas, Ohio

this urbane and aristocratic school. She had a daydream of England, and boasted of her English blood. So, on her return to school in the autumn of 1914, she finds herself, for the first time, a heroine to her class, begarlanded, greeted with small flags. "You are now our ally!" the Russian girls exclaim. But the pain of her long isolation had entered deep.

It is one of the ironies of this book that anyone should have suffered so acutely from being left out of an order doomed soon to fall. The pains of being poor in a rich world were to be nothing to the terrors of being poor (and feminine and unprotected) in a ruthless and revolutionary one. This much sterner ordeal lay in wait for Miss Almedingen and her courageous mother. The shots, screams, thuds of the 1905 revolution had already frightened her, as a child. During the 1914 war, up to the Revolution, the poor—which included the Almedingens—suffered atrociously: rationing (which meant deprivations) existed for them only; their richer friends and relations black-marketed with the rest. In fact, one can see how grossly unequal burdens did much to hasten the Revolution on. During the last year before the Revolution, Miss Almedingen, being bilingual, helped the British Ambassador in her after-care of the Russian wounded: this involved many visits to hospitals that were indescribably badly run.

Revolution

THE outbreak of the Revolution, and its alarming course, could not be better described than it is here—in terms of small, sinister incidents, sights and sounds. The flaming night skies, the lightless streets, cleared by terror and only roamed by predatory bands, were not more alarming than the general chaos, the cut-offness, the sense of the crashing-down of a world. One whole order, and the securities that went with it, stopped dead, like a clock. Electric light failed, plunging the frightened city in darkness indoors and out; no posts came; telephones died; no taps gave water; drainage ceased to function, rats ran

(Concluded on page 382)



The Minister of Food Sees "Other People's Houses"

How rationing, controlled prices, and local shortages affect country housewives, as seen through the eyes of playwright Lynne Dexter, gave the Minister of Food an evening's entertainment recently. Here Lord Woolton talks to the two housewives of "Other People's Houses," Marie Löhr and Phyllis Dare

Two Boys and Two Girls

The Children of the Hon.
Frank and Mrs. Pakenham
with Their Mother

The Hon. Frank Pakenham and Miss Elizabeth Harman were married in 1931, having met while she was an Oxford undergraduate. Now they have four fine children, a house at Oxford, and shared political interests. They are both Socialists, and both prospective Labour candidates: he for Oxford City, she for King's Norton, Birmingham. Mr. Pakenham formerly worked in the Conservative Party research department; then became a don at Christ Church, and now is personal assistant to Sir William Beveridge, who, among other things, is chairman of the Government committee dealing with the employment of skilled men in the Services. Mr. Pakenham is the brother and heir presumptive of the Earl of Longford. Mrs. Pakenham is the daughter of Mr. N. Bishop Harman, the ophthalmic surgeon; her mother is a cousin of the late Sir Austen and Mr. Neville Chamberlain

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick



Antonia and Judith, born in 1932 and 1940, are the Pakenhams' two daughters: Thomas, aged eight, is their elder son, and Patrick, on top of the climbing frame below, is his four-year-old brother. The three older ones go to school every day not far from their Oxford home



Mrs. Pakenham Watches Her Sons at Work



With Silent Friends

(Continued)

everywhere, shops barricaded themselves, insanity lurked in what had been ordinary eyes. St. Petersburg became a carcase of stone—but a carcase in which, unhappily, apprehensive human consciousness could not cease to exist.

The memory-pictures Miss Almedingen gives us, in the middle and end parts of *To-morrow Will Come*, are more fantastic, very much more dramatic, than anything mere imagination could devise. And her own adventures are very moving. She was no politician; poverty had already taught her to ask little of the world; she had seen for herself in the old order much that was cruel, unfair, and wrong. (She had often been badly frightened by the Tsarist police.) But she was young, she was natural; she wanted life as a young plant wants life and air. The Revolution stood for all men's equal right to live—but she shows us how she had to fight a solitary battle (for her mother soon died of hardships of which she never complained) to keep her own faculties for living, feeling and loving from being brutalised or wasted away by it.

Yes, the book is grim—one can make no bones about that. But it is relieved by the author's quick sense of beauty, and by her extraordinary imaginative resilience. Also, how she makes acts of sympathy, of pity or of the simplest kindness shine out! In the new social chaos, quite unexpected people become friends. And the smallest comfort—a square meal, a warm or (rare thing) a clean interior—set up a sort of glow. If you want to know what a revolution—in its personal and domestic aspects—is like, read this book. It ends happily, with the author's escape to Italy. Miss Almedingen later reached her dream-country: England. She naturalised in 1931.

Showmanship

To pass to the world of illusions is a relief. Mr. C. B. Cochran, in his new reminiscences, *Cock-a-doodle-do* (Dent; 15s.), tells us a great deal and, at least for my tastes, cannot tell us too much. Good humour, a wry philosophy and a disengaged, sometimes erratic talkativeness (for one thing makes Mr. Cochran think of another), dominate every page. These are not the memoirs of an egocentric man. With a sort of beaming impartiality, C.B.C. tells us about his triumphs and his misfires—the shows whose successes exceeded his expectations and the shows that went wrong, he never could quite see why. The imperturbability with which he has coped with temperamental artists impressed me more than the feats of a lion-tamer. The crises attendant on big productions I should rather read about than live through. For instance, those momentous Manchester openings—the horrors of plunging newly-imported "stars," of races we vaguely describe as "Dago," still hot from their native sunshine, into the fog-darkened proprieties of Manchester, almost beat Mr. Cochran's pen to describe.

Cock-a-doodle-do skips about in time. We are given portraits of stars still young on our boards, with those whose names now make theatrical history. Parts of this book made me think of W. E. Henley's "Ballad of Dead Actors" with its refrain: "Into the night go one and all." But Mr. Cochran shoots long searchlights into the darkness by recalling ever-living remarks, gestures, habits, poses and smiles. His book is a

crowded album—but, at the same time, twenty times more alive. Mr. Cochran's own enormous achievements someone else should chronicle—he seems to me too modest. Did he not not only make, but entitle himself to label, Piccadilly "the centre of the world"? Has he not set up for our English theatre world a standard, not only of flair, of brilliance, but of impeccable, sound craft?

Cock-a-doodle-do could show—if we did not already know it—that he is as versatile as he is tireless: those who remember the great Pavilion days may forget that his first production was Ibsen; not only did he promote boxing, but he controlled roller-skating rinks throughout the German cities; he had an active interest in circuses; he erected a cathedral for the performance of *The Miracle*; he was for some time manager of the Albert Hall. This self-styled "showman" is an artist in a big way. He is also an excellent raconteur, with an eye for an incident—such as the rabbit that turned round and bit an actor on the first night of Tree's too-realistic *Midsummer Night's Dream*. There is no knowing how animals may behave. Highly-strung ladies are bad enough.

Supernatural?

MR. CHARLES MORGAN'S *The Empty Room* (Macmillan; 5s.) is a distinguished study of the fantasies and tragedies of the human heart. Called by its publishers "a short novel," it is really, in its compression and in the architecture of the plot, more of a long-short story. A continuous mood encloses the scene—a country house—and the characters. The time is wartime—the present war. Against this, the four main characters' personal feelings stand out, like trees etched against a bank of heavy clouds. Not only mystery, but a

sense of the supernatural pervades the calm beauty of the Water House, where Henry Rydal lives with his daughter Carey, where Richard Cannock, engaged in important research in some nearby works taken over for war purposes, stays with them. The house—or one empty room in it—is, in fact, haunted; haunted by the youthful ideal beauty of a woman who, as it turns out, did not die young—happier if she had!

Venetia Rydal comes, as a living revenante, to queer relationships, to endanger a few illusions with her own unhappy reality. Sweet hauntings give place to an awkward presence—most felt by young Carey, who has reared herself on a dream. I suppose that, besides its interest as a story, this book might be called an allegory of love. It strikes the poetic note of an allegory, and life's bathos intrudes on it very little—except when Venetia realises that she cannot, as she had wished, to slip off unnoticed for ever into the night—one cannot slip off these days without taking one's ration-book, and a sudden demand for one's ration-book tends to rouse any house.

Full Value

A NEW collection of Mr. Robert Lynd's (Y.Y.'s) essays can need no recommendation from me. Enough—especially at this pre-Christmas season—to announce that *Life's Little Oddities* has appeared—published by Dent, vivaciously illustrated by Steven Spurrier, and priced at 7s. 6d. Wit, wisdom, irony and individuality stand out, as always with Y.Y., on every page. His subjects—from "Love of Meat" to "How to be Brilliant"—are, as ever, as various as his touch is sure. To read him is at once to smile and to think. Life, to Y.Y.'s eyes, seems a fabric of oddities, and we must bless him for letting us in to share his long, interior, quiet, sustained joke.

Caravan Canserie

By Richard King

ONE blessed thing I have discovered since living in a caravan—acquaintances rarely stay over-long. They come . . . they entrance . . . and they go! The reason being, I suppose, that it is mentally and emotionally very trying to continue a brightly aimless chatter when you are very nearly within nose-rubbing distance of your fellow-chatterer. There is something about the human face, when not passionately beloved, which, when too close, dries up conversation. Like the travelling companion who, on the journey between London and Edinburgh, is good company as far as Grantham, rather a bore when you reach Doncaster, and arriving at York, you thank God that there lies his destination.

The reality is, I suppose, that only when completely alone can we allow our faces to become unmasked and our mind to put its feet up and make itself comfortable. And that interlude is as necessary for our soul's welfare as our body needs its own single bedroom. Propinquity may often prove the seed of love, but too much of it equally often kills it outright. Our mind is very much like a radio-battery—if it is always giving out and can never retire for a while to regenerate itself, the result is distortion, which is annoying to listen to and bad for the set. Consequently, a certain amount of solitude—in my own case, a very great deal—is psychologically necessary. Otherwise the freshness of individuality suffers and we become as inanely bright as a purely Society woman or as the wife

of a Big-Wig making a surprise visit to a war hospital.

Without being often absolutely alone one's inner life can become too easily little more, metaphorically speaking, than a bit of embroidery on thin cambric. We become too dependent upon other people for any life at all. Which, ultimately, is halfway to becoming one of those bores which only a passing acquaintance finds good company. Real friends we have none. Those inner resources from which, as one grows older, so much depends for any joy left in life, become anæmic. A kind of psychological bloodlessness sets in. We grow really old; uninteresting to ourselves and a mere duty to our relations. And thus one of the real pleasures of being "on the shelf" is denied us. We become as frightened of that altitude as of purgatory. Unless we have deliberately kept a lot of our life to ourselves alone, it is often happier to expire at the hundredth grey hair or the sixth ineradicable wrinkle. Many men, if they have not followed that axiom, die on their retirement, and women clutch some dependent relative and feel that life is over if someone does not pop in to see them at least once a day. On the contrary, if you have made a large slice of your happiness independent of youth and hundreds of friends—what quiet fun still is left! You can behave more or less as you like; you can think more or less as you like, and you can be more or less as you are! There is such a little time left, but what remains is indubitably your own. Life's interests can don fresh wings even though the body no longer yearns to fly about.

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review
of Weddings and Engagements



Kathleen Ashford Collins Harlip

Kathleen M. Ashford Collins is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Collins, of Berwick House, Berwick St. James, Wilts., and is a V.A.D. Her fiancé is Captain William Brown, R.A.M.C., only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Brown, of 9, Beechwood Drive, Rensfrew



Katherine Ferguson Lenarc

Katherine Maureen Ferguson is engaged to Major George Campbell Pearson, R.A. (Ayrshire Yeomanry), son of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Pearson, of Briencliff, Old Laxey Hill, Isle of Man. Her parents are Mr. and Mrs. H. Gordon Ferguson, of Weans, Old Hunstanton, Norfolk



Mrs. R. G. Greene Harlip

Moyna (Muffet) Vawser, only daughter of Captain A. E. Vawser, R.A.M.C., and Mrs. Vawser, of Redcol, March, Cambs., was married at Cottingham, Hull, to Lieut. Richard Geoffrey Greene, Royal Norfolk Regt., son of the late Judge Greene, and Mrs. Greene, of Woodcroft, Hunstanton, Norfolk



Long — Whitney

James Long, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Long, of the Old Manor House, Westcote, Glos., and Dorothy Whitney, elder daughter of Captain Robert Whitney, of Maids Moreton Hall, Buckingham, were married at St. James's, Spanish Place



Lenarc

Mrs. T. M. Nussey

Viva Frances Talbot, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Talbot, of Solberge, Northallerton, was married on November 28th to Thomas Moore Nussey, only child of Sir T. Willans Nussey, Bt., of Rushwood, East Tanfield, Ripon, Yorks., and the late Lady Nussey



Tickler — Rose

Sec.-Lieut. Walter T. Tickler, R.A.S.C., son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. W. H. Tickler, of Woking, Surrey, and Marjorie Rose, daughter of the late C. E. Rose, and Mrs. Rose, of Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire, were married at St. George's, Hanover Sq.

(Concluded on page 386)

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

The Professional Strategist

LANDINGS and operations on coasts have accordingly not only to contend with great difficulties, but have generally but little prospect of success.

"... descents bear rather the character of alarms intended to derange the mobilisation and to excite the people than that of a serious attack. ... Descents on the coast are, accordingly, in the case of a populous state with a good military organisation, bugbears rather than real dangers."

Field-Marshal Baron Von Der Goltz in "The Nation in Arms."

The Amateur Strategist

THIS well-meaning "soldier," who is always apt to go much faster with his little flags upon a map than it is possible for even the modern mechanised force to progress, will no doubt have absorbed the inner meaning of the Auchinleck-Cunningham v. Rommel contest. I venture to predict that it will go down in military history as the battle of The Nibble, The Bite, and The Gobble. So far we've only got as far as the bite, but the gobble now stands a very fair chance of success.

The Unchanging Hun

MR. R. SALISBURY WOODS, Chairman of the Cambridge University Athletic Club, has sent me an interesting letter referring to a recent note in these pages which concerned the inability of the leopard to change his spots, and to an encounter of mine in the past with a dyed-in-the-wool Prussian cavalry officer who aspired to be a steeplechase jockey. Here is the pith of Mr. Salisbury Woods' letter, in which he commences by quoting my remark that the Nazi is nothing new:—

I am delighted to see the warning thus reiterated, but I very strongly question the

view that it is "almost superfluous." Would that it were so!

Apart from my own observations, largely based on the enthusiasm with which touring undergraduates had swallowed the inspired German propaganda, I have received volumes of similar evidence in the form of letters evoked by my letter to the *Sunday Times* of October 5th, to which you referred.

Only last week a well-known ex-Cambridge Rugby football captain, now in the Army, called on leave to tell me that he "had been one of those self-same mugs" who had been deceived by the peacetime bootlicking Boche. He was anxious to emphasise how very necessary it is to see that the present and future undergraduate is forewarned, before his idealism leads to reckless faith and disarmament. People have written from all over the country, and from ships at sea, to the same effect, for I can assure you there are many thousands in England who still think that, given a change of Leader, the Hun would become a "little gentleman" overnight, or very soon.

After the last Great War, we British applied our normal and proper tradition of "shaking hands" to a foe whose sub-human psychology oscillates between kicking the faces of the defenceless and licking the boots of the strong. It was a grave mistake.

A Pleasant Little Book

"HORSES IN THE VALLEY," by Captain Brian Fairfax-Lucy (Oxford University Press; 6s.), is just the right book for a Christmas present, especially to any nice little girl whom any of us may know, for its heroine is a nice little girl and the story is mainly about her adventures with four steeds—Colonel, a grand old hunter; Bear, a Sheltie; Windrush, a pony she got from



An Exhibition Golf Match

Four famous golfers recently played a match at Knole, Sevenoaks, in aid of the Lord Mayor's Air Raid Distress Fund. Standing: Charles Whitcombe, Archie Compston, Andrew Peacock, Sam King. Sitting: Captain A. W. Martin, secretary of Knole Golf Club, Sir John Laurie, Lord Mayor of London; Mr. R. B. Mathieson

a gipsy, and Katharina, a real live race-horse, a two-year-old who ends up by winning a £1000 race. The inevitable wicked man, who, as wicked men will, had tried to nobble her the night before the race, was signally defeated by little Ann. In spite of the fact that hunting is virtually a dead letter on account of the war, I am assured that equitation is more popular than ever, and this being so, I think Captain Brian Fairfax-Lucy's restful book ought to be sure of a public.

The author is the second son of Sir Henry and Lady Fairfax-Lucy, of Charlecote Park, Warwickshire, famous in history as the scene of the deer-poaching adventures of one William Shakespeare. The "beak" before whom the criminal was haled was a Lucy. *Horses in the Valley*, I gather, is a first book, but I hope it will not be the last. My felicitations to the author, who, incidentally, married a daughter of a great author, the late Lord Tweedsmuir (John Buchan).

Jumping

SIGNS are not lacking of more opposition to racing under N.H. rules this season than was the case last, and this is quite understandable, for this class of sport is not defensible on the ground that it is necessary for the maintenance of our blood-stock industry. Ninety-nine per cent. of the animals competing are un-sexed.

Race meetings unquestionably involve (a) consumption of petrol; (b) an extra strain on rail transport. The petrol question could be met by an embargo upon all motor transport for race meetings, and the consequent compulsion upon racegoers to use the railways and such regular 'bus services as may be available. The rail transport objection could be met by barring any special trains, and as things are, we know already that these will not be available; rather the reverse, in fact, for passenger trains are being cut down right, left and centre, and quite rightly so.

The only defence to the opposition to jump racing is that all war and no play is apt to make Jack and Thomas Atkins very dull boys, and that any relaxation, be it racing, Rugger or Soccer, is their due. A bored man is only about 50 per cent. himself; keep him happy and he is 50 per cent. above himself.



Officers of a Battalion of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers

Front row: Capts. J. A. B. Dickson, F. B. E. Cotton, C. Cunningham (M.O., R.A.M.C.), Majors J. G. Vyvyan, Lt. Gwydyr-Jones (second in command), the Commanding Officer, Capt. G. Demetriadi (Adjutant), Major J. E. Vaughan, Capts. A. R. Jones (Padre, R.A., Ch.D.), M. G. Harrison, J. D. Willans. Middle row: Sec.-Lt. H. C. Peppiatt, Lts. P. A. E. Jones, S. R. Pearson, A. R. Davies, Capt. T. M. Roberts, Lt. (Q.M.) C. Burton, Capt. W. J. Simmons, Lts. N. L. A. Vosper, H. J. E. Jones, Sec.-Lts. J. O. Williams, E. C. H. Dewhurst. Back row: Sec.-Lts. T. K. Bonnell Jones, H. O. Issard Davies, W. L. R. Griffith, Lt. G. E. Clarke, Sec.-Lts. F. R. Reynier, A. J. V. Kidd, R. P. Bonner, R. H. Sparrow, J. T. Jones, G. C. Carey



A Meet of the Aldenham Harriers at Otterspool, Aldenham, Herts.

Above are Mr. J. Jones and Sir Jocelyn Lucas, Bt., M.C., who are the joint Masters of the Aldenham Harriers. Sir Jocelyn Lucas is Hon. Major in the Royal Warwickshire Regiment, and was appointed in 1940 Liaison Officer with Dominion Forces in E. and London Commands, and with all Canadian Forces in the United Kingdom

Mr. Henry Peirson Harland, M.P., lives at Otterspool, Aldenham, Herts., where the Aldenham Harriers met recently. He has represented East Belfast in the House of Commons since 1939, and is president and chairman of Aldenham Conservative Association. Above he is seen at the meet with P. J. Fenn, the huntsman

Between the Flags

IF what has been said in the preceding note be conceded as reasonable, there is this further to be added, namely, that continuing our amusements provides a very useful bit of evidence that we are in very good heart. If we can produce such good sport as we have already done before this third war season it is all to the good. The present one, although not properly into its stride, shows the very best of promise. There has been capital fun at Cheltenham, Nottingham, Worcester and so forth, and judging by what we have already seen, there is sure to be plenty more to come.

Lord Stalbridge's Bogskar, by reason of his being the winner of the last Grand National (1940), has been most talked about, and, so far, he has twice disappointed his fans, once in the Charlton Park 'Chase at Cheltenham, when he was not particularly fancied and clouted his jockey off at the last fence, and the second time at Worcester, when he started favourite for the Broadward 'Chase in a first-class field and was unplaced. After he won at Aintree last year, Bogskar did very little to increase his reputation.

Some people assert that there is no such thing as an Aintree type of horse. I disagree. There is the type that likes it long and likes it strong, and Bogskar is one of it. There are some horses that will put you down over a flight of sheep hurdles, but will not lay a toe on a twig over a real rasping big place.

Both these conquerors of Bogskar this season are good 'uns; Teme Willow is a well-performed horse and has collected some nice races, amongst them that long-distance Mansfield 'Chase at Nottingham this year, beating a good field which included Red Rower, the favourite, who fell (incidentally, Red Rower won at Worcester recently and was third in the Gold Cup at Cheltenham on March 20th); and Timber Wolf, who beat Bogskar at Worcester, is a great old-timer and very much on his toes at the moment, for he had just previously won over 3 miles and a bittock at Nottingham.

Mr. J. V. Rank's well-named grey has also won his owner the Lancashire 'Chase and the Welsh Grand National. He is rising 14 years.



Racing at Cheltenham, by "The Toul"

Cheltenham has become headquarters of jump-racing as Newmarket is of the flat. The National Hunt season is already well into its stride. There was no lack of riding talent, and fields were up to full strength at the November meetings at Prestbury Park. Those present included the Hon. Mrs. Violet Mundy, owner of Custom House and Knight O'London, both horses to watch through the season; Mrs. Fulke Walwyn—her husband trains jumpers, including Valstar, for his father-in-law, Major Carlos Clarke. "Perry" Harding, who has steered many winners over the course, notably the N.H. Steeplechase winner Ego, is now a Lieut.-Colonel and won his D.S.O. at Dunkirk. David Sherbrooke owns Poet Prince, last year's Gold Cup winner, and trainer David Dale has turned out many winners over the sticks. George Archibald, Newmarket's leading cross-country rider, when duties permit, rides Major Lionel Montagu's fine 'chaser Savon, which Reggie Hobbs trains at Lambourn

Getting Married (Continued)



Willison — Bates

Captain David Willison, only son of Brigadier and Mrs. A. Willison, of Charlton, Andover, Hants., was photographed with his bride outside Andover Parish Church. She is the daughter of Group Captain and Mrs. Bates, R.A.F., of Heatherbank, Stourport-on-Severn



Stanton — Harries

Captain John Richard Guy Stanton, Royal Sussex Regiment, eldest son of Commander and Mrs. H. G. Stanton, of Wellbrooke House, Mayfield, Sussex, was married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, to Margaret Frances Harries, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Harries, of 33, Oakdale Road, S.W.16



Crassweller — Mickel

Captain Peter Howard Crassweller, R.A.S.C., and Catherine Agatha Shields Mickel, only daughter of Thomas Mickel, of 43, Craigmillar Park, Edinburgh, and the late Mrs. Mickel, were married at St. Giles's Cathedral, Edinburgh. He is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Crassweller, of Salisbury



Barbara Morgan

Barbara (Bobbie) Morgan is engaged to Michael Gilbert Scott, eldest son of the late Dr. S. Gilbert Scott, and Mrs. Gilbert Scott, of Brook House, Bourne End, Bucks., and 6, Bentinck Street, W.1. Her parents are Mr. and Mrs. H. F. S. Morgan, of Cannon Hill, Maidenhead



Symes — Olney

A wedding in America was that of Lieut. Edward Douglas Symes, R.N., son of Mrs. Margaret Symes, of 108, Bickenhall Mansions, Baker Street, W.1, and Vrylena Olney, daughter of Mrs. Vrylena Olney, of 16, Carver Street, Boston, U.S.A. Forming the guard of honour were Lieut.-Com. Griggs, R.N., Lieut. Pitt, U.S.N., Lieut. Patmore, R.N.V.R., Surgeon Com. Johnson, R.N.V.R., Lieut.-Com. Coakley, U.S.N., Pay. Sub-Lieut. Hyslop, R.N.V.R., Capt. Olney, U.S.N., the bride's uncle



Lorna Belk

Lorna Davey Belk, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Belk, of the Studio, Newbury, Berks., is engaged to Captain John C. Whitehead, Q.O. Royal West Kent Regiment, son of the late Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. W. J. Whitehead, of Eastbourne. He is a Sussex county cricketer



Ross — Reid

Captain Rupert Cumine Ross, R.A., only son of Mr. and Mrs. William Cumine Ross, of Garfield, Lenzie, Dumbarton, and Sonia Thelma Reid, only daughter of Captain and Mrs. Graham Reid, of Yewtye, Reigate, Surrey, were married at Reigate Parish Church



Colclough — Matthews

Lieut. W. Anthony Colclough, R.E., younger son of Mr. and Mrs. O. Dudley Colclough, of 73, Burton Court, S.W.3, and Pamela Matthews, elder daughter of the Rev. Hugh J. and Dr. K. Matthews, of Collingham Road, S.W.5, were married by her father at St. Jude's, Courtfield Gdns.



Keith — Lawn

Captain John Patrick Keith, R.E., son of A. B. Keith and Mrs. Keith, of Greenways, Kippington, Sevenoaks, and Jennifer Coniston Lawn, W.R.N.S., daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. G. Lawn, now at Little Barrs, West Clandon, Surrey, were married at West Clandon Parish Church

Your Schweppes, Sir!



Air Eddies

By Oliver Stewart

Photoboobs

IF I had been a collector of photographs, I could by now have made a good collection of photographs representative of the more remarkable fall-downs, errors, muddles and mistakes of photographers, caption-writers, and art editors in this present war. For aviation seems to present the specialist in slip-ups with his greatest opportunity.

My collection of photoboobs would show aeroplanes upside-down; bombs falling in the wrong direction; enemy aircraft described as friendly, and the other way about; fighters described as "giant bombers," and bombers described as "deadly fighters"; it would show every sort of error in R.A.F. rank designation; it would show "night" scenes at aerodromes taken by day; it would show libels and near-libels; it would show, in short, that the topmost point and utter apex of errata is achieved in the photographs of aviation.

Nor do I adopt any attitude of superiority to these mistakes. In my own paper, *Aeronautics*, I achieved the other day a world's record in incorrect captioning. I attained a ratio of errors to words used which must be unique in journalistic history.

Paintings as Photographs

BUT I had an excuse. The caption supplied with the photograph had come from New York—so that direct check was impossible—and there was nothing in the photograph itself to indicate that it was wrong.

Those sort of mistakes, however, do not seriously worry the world. But there is a kind of mistake to which I have very strong objection. It is the kind made for the sole reason that the caption-writer has sought to extract from a given photograph a dramatic emphasis which it does not really possess.

Thus we may find a photograph which has been taken in a quiet corner of an aerodrome

during some peaceful afternoon in mid-summer—showing perhaps an air crew member in some part of the fuselage of an unidentifiable aeroplane; and we may read below it something like this: "Battling with snow and ice, our giant bombers attack Berlin. The air-gunner gets ready to drive off an attack by twenty-five night-flying Messerschmitts."

That sort of error seems to me to have no excuse. I would far rather have a thumping technical mistake, or a howling libel, than this kind of thing. Another sort of error which, though regrettable, is understandable, occurred not long ago, and has already been repeated several times in different publications, one of them an official publication.

A particularly fine painting had been made showing two twin-engined bombing aeroplanes flying in cloudy weather, at night, with a few enemy searchlights. This painting was done by a friend of mine, and it created much attention and much approval when it was shown.

Then, one day soon after, the artist was looking through a publication, and saw a photograph of his painting reproduced. To his astonishment, he read a caption which stated that the illustration was a photograph taken during an operation. The imaginative painting was held out to be a photographic record of fact. Since then, the same thing has been repeated in this official publication. All of which shows that the camera can, and usually does, lie.

S.B.A.C.

THE activities of the Society of British Aircraft Constructors have tended to fall into the background recently, because what might be called the trading side had to be dropped on the outbreak of war. Since then, the Society has been busy in many directions with the object of aiding the war effort.



Pearl Freeman

South African W.A.A.F.

Miss Maureen Guest, second daughter of Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. E. L. Guest, Minister for Air in Southern Rhodesia, came over here a year ago to join the W.A.A.F. Before that she was working in South Africa as a journalist

The other day, Mr. A. F. Sidgreaves was elected president in succession to Sir Frank Spriggs, who has been president since July 1939. Sir Charles Bruce-Gardner is the Society's permanent executive chairman.

As managing-director of Rolls-Royce, Sidgreaves has shown a clearer, more consistently accurate foresight on coming developments than anybody I know. He was perfectly certain that for the big, luxury motor-car the twelve-cylinder engine would come into popularity long before most other people could make up their minds on the subject. In fact, I suppose there was a majority which believed in the "V-8" as being more likely to fulfil demands.

Then Sidgreaves has kept his company in front in aero-engines by pushing up the power always a bit ahead of most other people and by encouraging the astonishing capacity of his technical and research staffs for development work.

Other S.B.A.C. appointments are Mr. J. D. North to be vice-president (aircraft) in succession to Mr. Handley Page; and Mr. C. C. Walker to be vice-president (engines) in succession to Mr. H. J. Thomas. Mr. R. H. Dobson is the Society's honorary treasurer.

New Types

I SAW an account of new German aircraft the other day which appeared to be written in order to make the reader's flesh creep. I think that it over-estimated the technical developments that have been taking place in enemy country.

But it does seem clear that the Germans have got ready, or nearly ready, new bombers of various kinds. One of them is almost certainly a high-altitude machine with four engines.

It is also known that they have been working hard with rocket-assisted take-off in order to increase the loads carried by their bombers. The Germans have done a great many experiments with rocket-assisted take-off, beginning with the famous pre-war Opel car experiments. They have also developed catapults.

Our methods of enabling our bombers to take a greater load than they can manage with normal take-off were devoted—up to the outbreak of war in 1939—mainly to refuelling in the air and the composite aircraft. It was in 1938 that the upper component of the Mayo composite aircraft set up a seaplane distance record of nearly 6000 miles non-stop.



D. R. Stuart

Officers of a Training Wing Somewhere in England

Front row: Flt.-Lieuts. S. R. Millard, A. H. Knowles, E. C. Wheatley, Sq.-Ldrs. A. H. Fabian, J. E. M. Henderson (Administrative Officer), Wing-Com. G. Edward-Collins, C.I.E.M.C. (Commanding Officer), Flt.-Lieuts. R. F. D. Green (Adjutant), N. Wild, M.C., J. F. Kingsley, Sq.-Ldrs. H. J. White, M.M., (Padre), G. W. Whittaker, D.S.O.
Second row: P.O.s A. K. Loadman, T. Griffiths, J. E. H. Grainger, T. W. G. Parker, J. G. Leacy, C. F. Walker, F.-O. P. M. Morgan, P.-O.s F. Booth, S. A. Walker
Third row: F.-O. W. K. Nelson, P.-O. H. D. Carter, F.-O. M. C. Whiting, P.-O. R. Whitehead, Flt.-Lieut. W. A. Page, P.-O. H. L. Thomas, F.-O. L. W. Ling, Flt.-Lieut. R. A. M. Kearney, P.-O. E. W. Hitchings
Back row: Flt.-Lieut. R. Hewitt, P.-O. W. F. Fearon, W. F. Ware, F.-O. H. G. Chapman, Flt.-Lieut. H. C. Forshaw, P.-O. R. Knight

Don't be vague
ask for
Haig

*No finer Whisky
goes into
any bottle*



Obtainable also in Small Sizes

HAIG

in every **HOME**

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

by M. E. BROOKE

A particularly warm and becoming garment has arrived in the salons of Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge. It is known by the name of the "Fireside," the fabricating medium is wool, and really is a variation of the siren suit. It may also be appropriately worn when engaged in housework, and—such a surprise—it is only 59s. 6d. Furthermore, in these salons there is an infinite variety of "incidentals" or tokens of remembrance that do not require coupons. There are decorative as well as serviceable handbags, woollen gloves not too long, but just right for winter coats (one coupon must be given up for these—leather ones need more). In striking contrast to these accessories there is the "Joyce" footwear, which has been designed and carried out for the cold weather

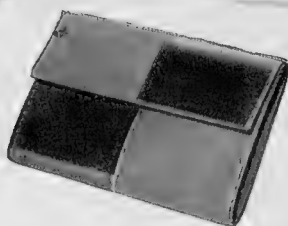


It is believed that there will be a limited supply of Gala Powder (a production of the Outdoor Girl) for Christmas gifts. Surely there could be nothing more welcome, as reliable powders are extremely difficult to obtain—this is due to the quota. However, the Gala Powder has the same olive-oil base as the other preparations and is especially finely sifted. The box is unusual and is a wartime economy. It is provided with a little hole and cork; the latter must be removed and the box tapped on the back, then a bowl may be easily filled without any trouble or mess and not a grain is wasted. The colour can be seen through the semi-transparent disc, and the cost is 1s. 6d. a box. The ingredients are of a very high order of merit, therefore the effect on the skin is beneficial



Nowhere is there a more representative collection of house coats to be seen than at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, two of which are portrayed on this page. Wool makes the model in the centre; it is an artistic study in white, green and cherry shades. Note the clever manner in which the corsage silhouettes the figure and the graceful fullness of the skirt. It is just the garment to be worn when uniform is abandoned. Black moire striped with ice-blue makes the model at the base of the page on the left: the stripes are flattering and so is the draped sash. Very attractive are the hostess or guest house coats. They have tightly fitting velvet bodices (delightfully old world), the skirts being of check crepe in gay colours. Undies have a section all to themselves: they only need a few coupons. There are breakfast and dressing jackets

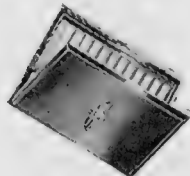




Black Pearl-calf and Patent leather flap-over pochette. Fitted purse, mirror and long pocket. Also in wine, red and brown. £3.5.0



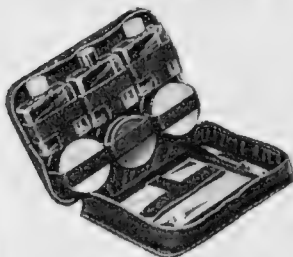
Crocodile-covered flask size 6½"×4½" shaped for hip pocket. Patent safety screw stopper. £3.15.0 Also in pigskin £3.12.6



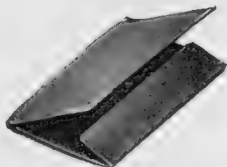
Silver engine-turned cigarette case engraved R.A.F. wings. Size 4½"×3½". Holds twelve cigarettes. £6.15.6



Gentleman's zip fastener Compact Case in pigskin. Contains brushes and toilet requisites. £7.17.6



Morocco 'Zip' Beauty Case in various colours. Light in weight. £4.4.0



Pigskin wallet 6½"×4" mounted with two silver gilt corners. 4 flat note pockets and long back pocket. £1.17.6



Attractive two-coloured suede belt. Various colour schemes. 12/6

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Please send me, post free, a copy of the new booklet entitled "a woman's place . . . now," which fully describes the life and work of the A.T.S. This does not commit me in any way.

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(in confidence)

The Army is one man short until you join the A.T.S.

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Please call and have a talk at any Employment Exchange or A.T.S. or Army Recruiting Centre. They are there to help you.

Bubble and Squeak

Stories from Everywhere

THE touring company were appearing in a small Lancashire town, the play being based, more or less accurately, on the life of Napoleon.

At the last performance on the Saturday evening the actors playing Napoleon and his aide-de-camp had been sampling the local brew, with the result that they got rather confused.

"Sire, sire," explained the "aide-de-camp" at one dramatic point, "it has been—hic—deshided to send you to—to St. Helens."

Napoleon sadly digested this fact, and then remarked: "Ah, well! It might have been worse. They might have chosen Wigan!"

ON board the liner were a young couple and their small son. Father and mother were bad sailors, but little Henry was the chirpiest person on the ship.

While his parents were lying in deck-chairs, Henry played on the deck. After a while the mother noticed that the lad seemed to be annoying other passengers with his chatter.

Feeling too ill to take action herself, she said to her husband: "George, please speak to Henry."

George managed to raise his head a few inches and looked at his son.

"How do you do, Henry?" he muttered, feebly.

THE little evacuee was going to the village church alone for the first time, and his hostess gave him a penny for the collection plate.

When he returned home he gave the coin back to his foster-mother with a happy grin.

"But you ought to have put this in the plate," protested she in surprise.

"Didn't need to," replied the boy. "I met the minister outside, and he got me in for nuffin'."

THIS rather nice little story is taken from "Peterborough's" column in the *Daily Telegraph* :

An old lady on a Dublin tram exultantly remarked at the time of Dunkirk : " Thanks be to God, the English now are properly bate."

"Yes," said a fellow passenger, "I suppose now the Germans will soon be coming here."

"Faith," she replied indignantly, "the English Navy would never allow such a thing, surely."

OLD Judge Perkins was passing along when he saw an old negro mammy beating her piccaninny. He asked her why.

"Well, Jedge, d'you know what thise awful chile bin gone done? He let all my chickens out."

"Well, that's all right, mammy. It hasn't done much harm. Chickens'll always come home."

"Nossuh, Jedge, you don't understand, those chickens won't come home. They just bin and gone home!"

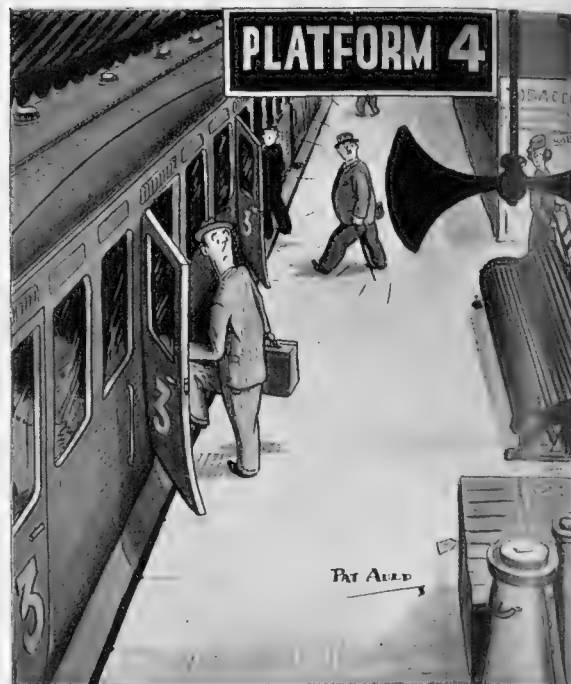
A Lancashire man found a gas bill on the footpath when he was out for an evening stroll with his wife. The man picked it up.

"I'm going to pay this 'ere bill, Maggie," he said.

"What on earth for?" his wife demanded. "It isn't yours."

"No," he replied, "but there's three and ten discount, and I might as well have it as anybody

count, and I might as well have it as anybody else!"



"Not you, silly! I said Platform FIVE for Richmond, didn't I?"

THE cinema patron stepped up to the box office of the foreign language picture show.

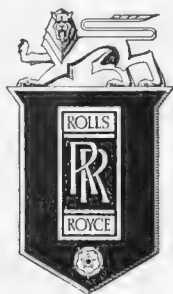
"Do you have English subtitles on your pictures?" he inquired.

"No," replied the ticket seller, "our subtitles are in Greek."

"In Greek!" repeated the patron. "Why, this is an Irish neighbourhood."

"Sure," he agreed, "but this is a mystery picture!"

(Concluded on page 396)



Air Defence

Established as the greatest war aeroplane, the Vickers-Armstrongs Spitfire single-seat fighter. Fastest and hardest hitting machine yet standardised in any air force, it carries two 20-mm. cannon in addition to machine guns.

Its engine is the Rolls-Royce Merlin, fruit of the policy of perfection laid down for the Rolls-Royce Company at its inception by Sir Henry Royce and tenaciously followed ever since.

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Rugs

THE RUG FOR CONVENIENCE

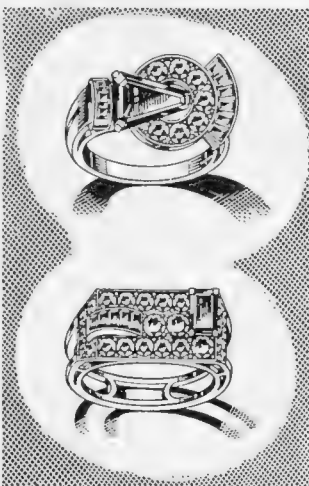


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Prices 37/- to 55/-

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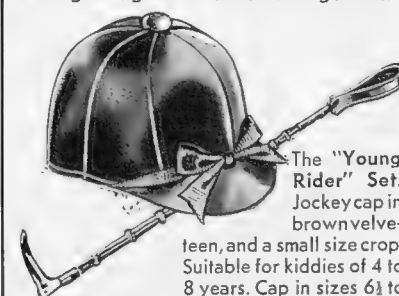
Exquisite lace has been chosen to make this 'all occasions' blouse. Small velvet buttons are a charming finish. In mushroom pink, ivory, oyster or black.
Sizes S.S.W., S.W. and W. (4 coupons) **45/-**

Simple, but most becoming, the blouse below is in rayon georgette, fashioned with Peter Pan collar and graceful frilled front. In ivory only. Sizes S.W. and W. (4 coupons) **25/-**



We regret that blouses cannot be sent on approval

A delightful gift for the first riding lessons




The "Young Rider" Set. Jockey cap in brown velveteen, and a small size crop. Suitable for kiddies of 4 to 8 years. Cap in sizes 6 1/2 to 6 3/4. Complete. **21/9**
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featuring STEPHANE GRAPPELLE

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OPEN FOR LUNCH AND DINNER, Sunday included.
No music. International cuisine—especially Spanish.
In Andalusian Lounge best sherries and cocktails.

JUST OPEN DANCE OR LISTEN
DANCE AND DINE IN SAFETY IN OUR DEEP VAULTS. OFFICIAL SHELTER.
Ross Cuban Boys band from 7.30 till 11.45 p.m.—Sundays excepted

Round the Restaurants

Lunching, Dining and Dancing



The Lansdowne

CHEF GRASSIEN, now thoroughly at home, is providing extremely satisfying meals at this fashionable restaurant where a set luncheon may still be obtained for the modest 5s. 6d. There is also a very reasonable choice of food, wines and liqueurs, which counts a lot these days. The Lansdowne will be open on Christmas night and New Year's Eve, and bookings are already coming in fast. Jack and Daphne Barker (*Get a Load of This* highlights) will add greatly to the enjoyment, and don't forget there's dancing each night, including Sundays, to Tim Clayton and his band.

Meurice

THIS pleasant Bury Street hotel has given a real welcome to Ferraro and his numerous customers, and it's a most enjoyable spot for either luncheon or dinner. There is dancing every evening (including Sundays) to Reg Pursglove's band, and the inclusive dinner-dance charge is only 15s. 6d. Quietly off Piccadilly, Meurice is a useful and peaceful meeting place, with an extremely well-run bar in the capable hands of Victor, who must have mixed many drinks for many readers in his American Club days.

The May Fair

A CHEERFULLY packed place for luncheon, dinner and dancing (avec cabaret) every evening to Jack Jackson's band. This famous orchestra leader, by the way, is a versatile fellow, and has almost finished his first full-length animated colour cartoon film! Jack, it turns out, is as bright an artist as he is a musician, and his wife, Eve, once a famous interior decorator, is arranging all the colour. He has already done 10,000 drawings, and the villain of the piece, needless to say, is Hitler. If you see Mr. Jackson entering a news reel cinema with six lovelies, don't suspect unduly. They're just his six "animators" studying the Disney technique.

The Normandie

MR. MAJORI has made his plans well ahead and two excellent items are already staged—a gala dinner and dancing on Boxing Day for 15s. 6d., and a grander affair on New Year's Eve with dancing and cabaret from 9 p.m. until 2 the next morning. The latter costs twenty-five shillings and on each occasion Gregory's quartet will keep the floor as packed as usual. The residential side of the Normandie is appealing more and more to Service people who find it an excellent base for leave activities and to whom special terms are provided.

Hatchett's

YOU can't go wrong if you go to Hatchett's either to eat, drink and ruminate, far from the madding crowd, or join in with the dancing and other festivities. (Dancing, incidentally, begins each night at 8.30 p.m. and carries on happily and late to the strains of the Swingtet.) As long as Gerold is "head man," there will always be perfect food, wines and service at Hatchett's, which probably accounts for George opening so many taxi doors in Piccadilly. And all apart from serious eating and feasting, there are three excellent bars with three excellent bar-tenders.

The New Queens

FOR early birds this place is useful, with luncheons starting at half-past twelve and dinners at 6.30. There are no evening reservations after 7.30, but if you arrive and have to wait a little while, there are three good bars, with Charley downstairs still dispensing dangerous drinks. From Monday to Friday dancing goes on nightly until quite late to Dave Java's band, and the sing-song on Saturday nights is becoming an increasingly popular feature. A welcome haven on Sundays from 7 p.m. till 10 p.m. for food and quite serious music. Mr. Manager Cope certainly makes the very best of this famous corner in Leicester Square.

Martinez

MENTION this restaurant and the first thing people remember is that series of little masks in the Andalusian Bar which still turns out the best sherry wine in the world. The next thing coming to mind is the difference in food—for here you get unusual and unusually good Spanish dishes treated and served in attractive ways. The younger element dines down below where there is dancing every night (except Sundays) to the Ross Cuban Boys' music, but the more sedate prefer to relax and enjoy their food upstairs to no accompaniment.

Écu de France

THE "Gourmets' Club" in Jermyn Street is still packed for luncheon and dinner every day except Sundays and it would be then if it were open. Everything is à la carte, not excessively expensive, and you're made just as welcome for one course as for several. There's a plentiful supply of drinks, and just listen to one dish in times of war: "La Coquille de Fruits de Mer," which is prepared with sole, lobster and mushrooms and finished with light cheese sauce on a bed of pommes Duchesse. While you're there ask to see the kitchens and cellars—they're well worth a visit.

New Clarges

THE entrance to this restaurant is in Clarges Street and the official entrance to Fleming's Hotel is in Half Moon Street, but if you happen to make a mistake it doesn't matter as they are both under the same good roof and management. Clarges is a handy, quiet rendezvous where music and dancing don't even exist, but where food and service more than make up for these harmless delinquencies. Jack Pavitt's Victory Bar is alone worth a visit and Canadian visitors, please note, Jack is a brother of the man that runs the Royal York in Toronto, our Dominion's biggest hotel!

The White Tower

A MINUTE'S walk from Tottenham Court Road Tube Station takes you to this delectable spot in Percy Street where it is rightly labelled "Number One." London's Greek Restaurant, as it now is, does not cater for dancers, but it certainly fulfils the needs of those who are in search of extremely good food at extremely reasonable prices. Our gallant ally knows more about cooking than you ever imagined, and Mr. Stais and his wife will put you completely at home.

D.G.

Normandie Hotel

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Single Rooms and Bath . . . 12/6
Single Rooms and Private Bath 15/-
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TO HIS MAJESTY'S
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THEIR FAMILIES

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("QUAGS")

BURY STREET, ST. JAMES'S, S.W.1

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Canada's Sophisticated Songstress

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COMMENCING MONDAY, DECEMBER 22

Dancing to Reginald Pursglove's Orchestra
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LUNCHEONS



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A COMFORTABLE AND PEACEFUL HOTEL. DOUBLE AND
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★...and even longer still if you will dry them this way. Put the corner of a smooth towel on a flat surface, lay the blade on it and draw it towards you endways without touching the edges with your fingers. Turn end over end to dry the other side in the same way. You won't cut the towel and you will add life to the strong "shouldered" edges that already serve you so well.

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Bubble and Squeak

(Continued from page 392)

THE employer remonstrated when one of his employees asked for an increase in salary on the ground that he worked too hard.

"Why," protested the employer, "you have an easy time. Look! There are 365 days in a year. Eight hours each day you sleep. That makes 122 days, leaving 243 days. Eight hours of every day you have all for yourself. That leaves 121 days. I give you an hour for lunch every day, and that amounts to 15 days more, leaving 106. You do not work on Sundays—52 more days off, leaving 54. You get Saturday afternoons off—another 26 days, leaving 28 days. You have two weeks holiday every summer and you take off about a week for sickness. Only seven days a year to work—and Christmas Day, Boxing Day, Good Friday, Easter Monday, Whit Monday and August Bank Holiday are yours. Why should I give you a rise? You owe me money!"

WALKING past a well-known jeweller's shop, an Army officer noticed two shabbily dressed youngsters staring intently at something in the window.

Curious to know what interested them so much, he watched, and realised they were both keenly eyeing a clock ticking away in one corner.

Then one lad turned to the other with a stern look and said:

"Time's up!"

Reluctantly the other removed the bullseye from his mouth and passed it over.

"ARE you intending to make a purchase, madam?" asked the exasperated assistant.

"Certainly," replied the customer, acidly.

"Well, I'm glad to know that, madam. I thought you were stocktaking!"



"Alt! Who goes there?"

"You've dropped an 'H,' haven't you?"

"Maybe, but I've still got me rifle"

WHEN a child grabs things they call it a mania. When grown-ups grab things they call it kleptomania. When a big country grabs its small neighbours it should be called Germanian.

THE little girl came home from school to lunch. "Mummy," she said as soon as she entered the house, "teacher wants us all to get inoculated."

"But," protested her mother, "you've been done once, dear. What's it for this time?"

"I don't know, mummy. I think it's to stop the invasion."

AT a Gloucester festival a visitor wished to enter the cathedral during one of the performances. On demanding admission he was told that he could not enter without a ticket.

"Do you mean to tell me," he exclaimed, indignantly, "that I shall require a ticket to enter the Kingdom of Heaven?"

"Well, no," explained the polite steward, "but you won't hear Madame—sing in Heaven."

THERE was a terrific crash in the hall, and mother ran out of the room, her eyes wide with fear.

"What on earth's that?" she gasped.

Her son, a shining light in the Air Training Corps, reassured her.

"It's all right!" he replied. "It was only father coming downstairs. He nose-dived, flattened out, and made a crash landing."

AT a race meeting a Jewish sportsman had won a bet on a five-to-one chance. Carefully he counted the money and examined every note.

"What's the matter?" asked the bookie, resentfully. "'Fraid I'd cheat you?"

"No," replied the other, still scrutinising the notes. "I only wanted to make sure the von I gave you wasn't among 'em."

A QUEUE of munition workers had had a long wait for their usual trolley bus. When it eventually came in sight it was seen to be accompanied by a whole line of buses.

To the conductor of the first bus one of the munition workers called out: "Say, mate, you working convoys now?"

"Yus," was the retort, "and we ain't lost one yet."



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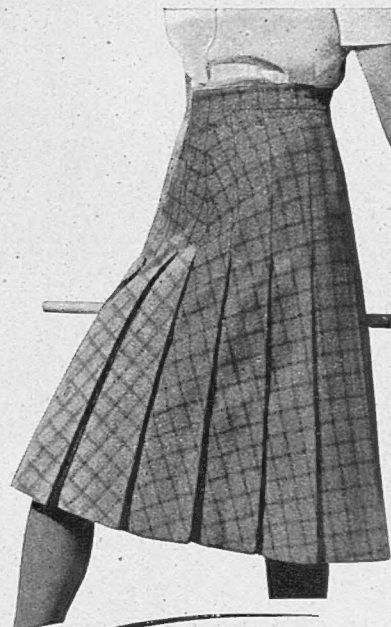
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